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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

Conrad De Castro,

THE OATH BOUND;

OR,

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER & GOLDEN KEY.

A UNION STORY BY THIRTEEN AUTHORS.

EDITED BY ROB: G. STAPLES.

CHAPTER V.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Retrospection.

A glance into the past. Assuming the privilege of a romancer, we turn back the leaves of Time's ponderous book seven years. The skies of a summer sunset hang over the land of beautiful Spain. The lofty summits of the Pyrences are bathed in a flood of crimson, and the limpid waves of the Ebro reflect back with tenfold splendor the fiery sun-darts let fall upon their surface.

On a wild rocky headland, a few leagues below the old town of Saragosa, stood at this time, a fortress—grand, solemn and ghostly. Of this fortress were told many strange tales, of pale phantoms; weird noises; and supernatural visitations. But we pass by all these, for the present at least, for it is only with the old castle on this glorious summer evening that we have to do.

In the western tower chamber there is a dying woman! A noble beautiful lady, in the very noon-day of existence. The glossy jet hair which rippled over her smooth white shoulders was bright as in early youth, and the light in her large dark eyes grew more intense, as she neared the confines of the farther shore. By her side, his breast supporting her head, knelt a young man in the costume of a noble. There were traces of tears in his eyes, and about the mouth, habitually stern, was an expression of mingled agony and tenderness. From a long, and apparently painful revery, the lady roused herself, and the voice which thrilled out on the awful stillness was sweet and clear:

"Conrad, I am dying—Eternity is very near me, and I would pray for strength to speak volumes! Listen well, and see that every word which my lips utter be graven upon your memory with a pen of fire! Twelve years ago this very night, in the gloomy privacy of this chamber there was an infant ushered into the world! That infant was your sister, and my child! Nay, do not start—you are surprised—you think me mad—listen farther, and decide. In gloom and darkness was this child born, and shrouded in an impenetrable veil of mystery has been her life. Your father, Conrad, was bound by an oath, a dreadful oath which has cursed generation after generation of his ancient family, *to destroy the woman who bore to him a female child!* Both mother and child were to be sacrificed to this horrible oath, and was it any wonder that your little sister came into the world at the cost of the bitterest soul-agony? For several months previous to her birth, your father had been absent, at Lisbon on important business, having you then a youth of ten years with him; and so admirably was the affair managed that only an old and reliable physician and my faithful waiting-maid, Hildom, who disappeared so strangely two years ago, knew of the birth of my second child.

"To the care of this physician, I entrusted my infant, entreating him to place it where the power of that oath could never reach it! Oh God! that a mother should be forced to hide a child from the wrath of its father! The promise of a De Castro must be kept, no matter how great the sacrifice; through oceans of blood and over mountains of skeletons—with Death and everlasting destruction staring him in the face would Fernand De Castro have pursued his child, had he known of her existence! The old physician had been absent but four weeks ere he returned, and when questioned concerning Ione, for such I named my fatherless girl, he said she was beyond the power of her father. This was all the reply he made me, and I, in my terror of your father was satisfied to know only this. Time passed on, and my yearning after Ione increased until sometimes I feared my wretched brain would burst! Night after night of the most extreme anguish have I passed in vain conjectures and useless repining. Two years ago, as you well know, Fernand De Castro was assassinated! By whom, or wherefore, we know not. The same night, my faithful Hildom disappeared and nothing has been heard of her since!

"Six months ago, the man who disposed of Ione was brought upon his death-bed. He sent for me, to make a revelation regarding my child. With the swiftness of lightning I flew to his side—alas! too late! He was a cold corpse! but on a scrap of paper clutched in his clay-cold hand, I read the words, traced in the irregular lines of a dying power——'Ione—in the care of an American—United States —name of——.' There was no more; he had probably died while trying vainly to communicate to me tidings of my child! Since that fearful night, my son, I have been little better than distracted; my sorrows have worn me away and now I am dying. Conrad, as you value your happiness, swear to give neither rest nor peace to your soul until you have discovered your lost sister! Even unto the ends of the earth—follow her, and bring her back once more to love and happiness! Until that hour Conrad the spirit of an unhappy mother shall haunt you and unhappiness and unrest shall be yours! Swear it!"

The young man bent his head solemny until his long black hair mingled with that upon the brow of the dying, and raising his right hand towards heaven—he said "I swear by all I hold sacred to obey your request!"

There was a silence in the gorgeous chamber—the rosy sunset light had died away, and evening cold and leaden filled the room with vague shadows.

Conrad laid back the clay-cold form of his dead mother upon the crimson couch, and went forth upon the colonnaded battlement, wrapt in the darkness of black night and blacker sorrow!

"An oath binds me, Imelda—a solemn promise given to the dying; I must go, even at the sacrifice of life—even at the cost of your love! Think you it costs my heart no pang to leave all I hold most dear, that you upbraid me thus? Imelda the blood of a De Castro brooks not insults!"

Beautiful as the phantasm of a dream was the maiden who reclined beneath the jessamine-shaded arbor—and young, very young; certainly not more than fourteen summers had cast their sunshine, on that fair brow and over those shining tresses. There was entreaty and pride in the rich voice that replied:

"But why go, Conrad, on these terrible secret journeys? Can you not tell me—me, your own Imelda, whom you have professed to love from very childhood? It is cruel, Conrad! I like it not!"

"It is useless to entreat—destiny calls me—fate beckons me on! A wretched spirit wandering between the valley of death and Eternity calls on me for comfort! Imelda, I go; if success attends me I return, if not—ah the unknown—the unexplored! Oh if after all, there should be a Hereafter! Vain, vain thought! My love, my life, adieu!" One hot kiss he pressed upon her forehead, and Imelda was alone.

Far out upon the broad blue ocean there was a noble ship sailing, and upon her wide deck Conrad stood, gazing out upon the wild, dark waters. His brow was bared to the fierce winds, which even now rose almost to a tempest, and the long black curls of his hair were swayed to and fro, like the black clouds which curtained the angry firmament. Night black as Erebus settled down upon the seas, and the roaring of the winds in the rigging and the ceaseless moaning of the waves was broken only by the fearful cry of "breakers ahead!" A white flash of lightning revealed a long low island close under the lee, and at the same time showed to the appalled gaze of those on board Conrad's vessel, a schooner in the very midst of the deathly breakers! There was a dull crash and then such a scream of agony went up to Heaven! Above all rose a woman's voice—clear and shrill! In a moment, Conrad, goaded on by an unknown impulse, sprang into the sea! A pair of soft, wet arms clasped his neck, his cheek lay upon the cheek of a woman! With a strong arm he struck out for the ship, which had by the nearest chance escaped destruction, and in a few moments he was drawn on board with his senseless burthern. Restoratives were applied, and the half drowned girl opened her eyes on the strange group gathered around her. She was a child in years—that ocean waif—but a woman in understanding; and when Conrad looked in her eyes, he forgot his plighted fate—forgot his beautiful Imelda—and loved the stranger-child! Time flew on—golden hours to the enamoured Conrad, and New York, the destination of the ship, was in sight. Up to this time, Conrad knew not the name or history of the being, he had so strangely rescued from death. To all efforts at ascertaining her true name and place of residence she returned the unvarying reply:

"Time will reveal all!"

The ship in due time cast anchor in New York harbor, and Conrad looking after his ocean-child, as he called her in lack of her legitimate title, to his unbounded dismay could no where discover her! She was gone and none knew whither!

CHAPTER, VI.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

The lost found—Imelda—the spirit of unrest.

"How can the soul, the rich star-traveled stranger,
Who here sojourneth only for a purchase,
Risk all the riches of his years of toil,
And his God-vouched inheritance of heaven,
For one light momentary taste of love!"

Festus.

"I am alone now" said Conrad, "the ocean divides me from the beautiful land of sunshine, where my precious mother, and my stern, strange father are sleeping, the home of the only being that loves me, my own loved Imelda! This child of the sea, around which the torn tendrils of my heart were clinging, has fled away; alas I *am* alone! but I have one great *purpose* left, and *that* shall be the end and aim of my life. Already thirty years have been spent in ease and idleness with no clouds of care to mar their brightness, *now* I will work! no, no, the thoughts of this ocean-child shall not hinder me; Spirit of my Mother bless thy child e'er he goes forth in the search after thy lost Ione!"

So he went out from that forest of masts that bounds the great metropolis of America, and wandered from city to city, from village to village, an inexperienced, lonely, and yet hopeful man; endeavoring to find a trace of his lost sister, scanning every female face, listening to every word spoken around him, hoping to get a clue to the great mystery that was now becoming a part of his being; and still the object of his life danced ignisfatuus-like, silently mocking him, and still on he went, night and day journeying, and toiling for this one all engrossing object.

One rainy evening about two months after his arrival in America as he was traveling in a rail-car and thinking of his strange mission through the world, he thus mused:—"this is life, 'a tale that is told,' I have left the home of my fathers, and I have loved thee, beautiful Imelda, were not our hearts all woven together even in childhood? but oh, I may not ever meet thee again this side the great eternity! why must thy young heart be forever shaded with disappointed hope, why must she who has trusted me so many happy years be compelled to call me false to her! and yet I may not tell her the vows breathed to the dying!" Then the Hope-angel fluttered her white wings around him, and whispered,—"dispair not Conrad, keep thy vow to thy dying mother, you may yet find the sister you seek, and thy dreams of love that have gilded the young years of thy life will be more than realized." While he thus mused the cars stopped, and new passengers stepped on board, but so buried was he with his own thoughts he took little notice of what was going on around him; he was dreaming of the sweet face of Imelda as he saw it upturned to his when she pleaded for his confidence concerning his mysterious journeyings, when a girlish figure passed by him, looking for a seat; she passed nearly the whole length of the car and finding none, turned back, and as her face turned towards Conrad's he recognized the ocean child, and their eyes met. She did not recognize him and quick as thought he determined to remain unknown to her, and thus learn more of her history.

He arose, and said respectfully, "if you will accept a seat beside me Miss, it is at your disposal;" as the cars were quite crowded, and already commenced moving, she thankfully accepted it, and they sat down together. He noticed she wore the habiliments of mourning, and her face had grown pale and thin, but the voice thrilled him as when on ship-board she penciled her image on his life-look. "Even Imelda is not more beautiful," thought he! He dreaded the approach of each station, lest he should lose her forever; and he dared not speak, lest by some incautious word he might reveal himself, and frustrate the plan which he eagerly hoped to carry out, that of learning more of her history. At length she turned and asked him some question concerning the route of travel, which he answered, and which led to conversation on general topics.

"May I ask how far you travel to night," said Conrad?

She hesitated a moment, then said, "I scarcely know when, or where to stop; I am in search of a dear friend, with whom I parted two or three months ago, and I know not where to find her."

"Can I assist you in your search?" he asked kindly.

"And where are *you* going, sir?"

"I have no home in America," said he; "I am willing to stop anywhere to aid you, if I *can* be of service to you."

"You are kind, and I thank you Sir; is your home far away?"

"In Spain," he replied.

"Oh! I started for that sunny land, and was shipwrecked, and then returned to America." She told him in glowing words of her rescue from death, and of the noble stranger that protected her. How his heart beat as he listened to the recital, and heard her speak from a heart filled with grateful love, *of him*. How he longed to clasp her again as on the night of the rescue! oh, why did all the fibres of his soul cling to this beautiful child!

"Who was this protector of yours? and what became of him?"

"I know not. I left the vessel as soon as it touched the shore.

Four years passed away and Conrad and this gentle girl met often, loving each other more fondly at each meeting, but the memory of Imelda still haunted him—and his unfaithfullness would not let him rest; and thus he wandered from place to place, making N. York the great center of his attractions, and his home, if such he had. But how fares it with Imelda the long four years that have passed? She is still loving and faithful, and still hoping for a reunion with the plighted Conrad. But her father a cold, haughty man, commanded her to marry a Count of great wealth, and greater wickedness, one that she utterly dispised, and the wedding night approached when she must go forth an unwilling bride. She viewed the jewels, the gossamer robe, and all the rich adornings prepared for the occasion with less satisfaction than she would have looked on her shroud prepared for her burial; for was she not already dead to all love and happiness in this life! Then she said no, no, I will gather these jewels a fortune in themselves—and flee to the country of my loved and absent one; if it only grants me a grave nearer him, it were better than all this mockery of life! And the courageous and resolute spanish maiden fled to America, fled from Count Orsmond, and her tyrannizing father.

"Four years ago and we met, far out at sea—sweet Clara, my ocean nymph; and since that time you have given me your heart, your love; will you now give me your hand also? and will you be the angel in my home to gladden my returns from the restless wanderings that I *must* make till my task is accomplished? I cannot tell you the motive that leads me so mysteriously, I would that I could—but you trust me fully, and honor my privacy; be assured if ever I become free to import this secret to any mortal, *you* shall be the first to listen to it; an oath to the dying binds me, and makes me, what I am; some time I shall be released so pity me now, and become my wife before I go away again."

"I know you are noble, and good, Conrad, and I yield to you my first, my only love, but hear me; I vow before Heaven, and you, I will never marry until I am twenty years old;—I am now but seventeen; ask me not to break my vow!"

Just then Mrs. Russ entered the room, and said to Clara, "go, my dear, it is time you were already dressed for the evening, and your maid awaits you in your room."

She left the room and Mrs. Russ thus addressed Conrad: "I am very happy to have you here to night to attend this, Clara's, birth-night party."

Conrad thanked her, very slowly too, for his thoughts went with Clara and her strange vow.

"Clara graduates next-month, shall you be in the city think you?" and so the good woman strove to bring him out of his dream, and entertain her guest, but he only repled in monysyllables. We will not repeat the conversation, nor tarry at the party, but that night Conrad met Imelda, who during her passage to America had become intimate with a wealthy family from N. York, and to whom she had told her sad story. They became very much interested in her, and taking her to their hearts and homes, persuaded her to stay with them as their own daughter. When they asked her to assume their name she said; no, my name is Imelda Arista; I think I shall never change it."

"Perhaps it will be Imelda Lincoln yet, sweet little spanish sis; you have not seen my dear, *noble* brother, who is away at Harvard," said the gay Isabel Lincoln, roguishly.

"My heart is *irrecoverably given*, dear Bell," said she frankly, and yet with tenderness and dignity which told that the subject was painful to her;—and they led her proudly to Clara's party, to make her first appearance in American society. She wore the costume which was designed for her bridal, excepting the veil—and she was magnificently beautiful. Conrad turned pale, when the name of Imelda Arista was spoken—and the beautiful glided in at the parlor door.—He thought of the time when she loved him, and promised to be his bride, and all the affection of the olden time came back to his heart with tenfold power, and e'er the evening passed away, a new truth-plight was given between them, and Imelda in the holy trustfulness of her heart told him of her unchanged love, her loyalty through the years that they had been seperated.

When the morning dawned brightly over that great city Conrad sat alone in his room. His soul was shrouded in gloom, and thus he mused:—"I am the plaything of fate! why did I make that pursecuting promise! then I had been in my own beautiful Spain; yes, even the husband of my idolized Imelda—when I left her she was a child of fourteen years; now, at eighteen, she is an elegant woman; perfect in beauty, and pure and beautiful of heart; how trustful bow faithful! while I——no, I am not worthy of her! Clara, gentle child, still my heart holds thee as heretofore, but never have I loved thee as Imelda. What shall I do! there is a sense of guilt crushing out every better feeling from my being. Did not Clara refuse to become my bride—how strange her conduct! I wish I could think that she loves me not, why am I thus persecuted by a spirit of unrest and evil! I will flee from Imelda, and Clara, I will seek Ione! did not my mother say;—"*the spirit of an unhappy mother shall haunt you, and unhappiness and unrest shall be yours*" until she is found? If she is in America I *will* find her!

Away he went to the far south, over the wide praries of the west and through the middle states, but no trace could he obtain of her, and so he returned to New England after two years toilsome travel, during which time not one word of the fate of Imelda, Clara, nor his sister, had reached him. Another year he roamed fruitlessly over New England, and he turned his face towards the rude mountains of New Hampshire to seek the Hermit's home, to solve the mystery of the unfortunate Imelda—yes, three days hence and then come the anniversary of her death, when he might find the key that should unlock a brighter destiny for him.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE PRINTER.

BY INVALID.

Say, reader! didst thou see a light,
Which through yon window shone last night?
And glimmered faintly from afar!
Just like some dim and mateless star,
Which hangs its lamp alone on high,
While frowning clouds conceal the sky,
And o'er a world subdued in sleep,
In loneliness its vigils keep?

And say, dear reader! didst thou know,
Why this lone light didst shed its glow?
While you and I and all mankind,
Upon our couches had reclined,
Why this sole guardian of the night,
Had hung aloft his beacon light;
To shed abroad a vagrant beam
While moon and stars had hid their gleam;
And like a glow-worm in the wood,
But to augment the solitude?

Ah reader! in that cheerless room,
So dreary, black and full of gloom,
A brother mortal faint and weak,
With haggard eye and pallid cheek,
Through all the long and tedious night,
Was standing by that flickering light;
While on his damp and dismal wall,
Did shadows like grim spectres fall,
And all without was calm and still,
Save when the blast screamed loud and shrill.

And soon when Nox her race had run
He bravely toiled unceasing on;
Regardless of the howling storm,
He stood erect before his form;
And o'er his copy with eye intent,
His throbbing head he sternly bent;
And pausing but to trim his light
With sleepless eye he spent the night;
For well he knew at early morn
He'd hear the post-boy's winding horn.

And thus dear reader all last night,
He fed the flame of his lonely light;
And line on line with patient care,
A mental feast he did prepare:
And with a flood of moral light
Dispelled the gloom of error's night;
And though from eve till morrow's morn,
He labored on though weak and worn,
Yet scarcely was his sheet complete,
The rising day-god's face to greet.

Now, then oh reader! if in your soul,
One wave of manly justice roll;
When e'er you see in gloomy night,
The printer's pale and lonely light;
Ere yet you sink in tranquil rest,
Be sure to search your inmost breast;
And if you find upon review,
That you've not paid him all his due;
Prepare at once without delay;
The utmost cent you owe to pay!

Elm Cottage, Va.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY S. M. SMITH.

Fill high to the brim, and lightly I'll dip
In the rosy wine my thirsty lip,
With a joyous smile and a sparkling eye,
I'll drink to the days long, long gone by.

Pledge to the homestead! I see it still,
The bright waterfall—the old brown mill—
The dear old barn where I used to play
And search for eggs in the new mown hay.
Though afar in stranger lands I roam,
Memory still turns to my childhood home.

Here, my mother sat in the bright sunshine,
And taught me beautiful wreathes to twine;
No flowers have ever seemed half so fair,
As those that grew 'neath my mother's care.

There, my father sat when his work was done,
Through the chesnut leaves shone the summer sun,
And parted the hair from my moistened brow
And kiss'd me; I'm sure I can feel it now.

My brother and I, by that little brook,
Have often fish'd with a bright pin hook;
When wearied with play, 'neath that old oak tree,
We have soundly slept, dear Willie and me.

Another—long since we were doom'd to part;
His step was an echo of joy in my heart,
A tear unbidden now dims my eye,
'Tis a pledge to the love of days gone by.

Brightly you're pictured on memory's wall,
Well I remember ye one and all;
Had I Bacchus' vintage I'd drain it dry
In a pledge to the days long, long gone by.

HOW TRUE!—The boy is now living who will be President in nineteen hundred. Of his precise residence we are not informed, but how many mothers are there who think they know the little fellow 'just as easy.'

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Voices of the Past.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

They come like the tones of music sweet
Like the silvery sounds of the angel's feet,
Or the gushing sweetness of crystal streams
Which we oft-times hear in our happy dreams,
Too sweet, too dear, to last.
Like the silvery chimes of fairy bells,
Like the songs of birds from the far-off dells,
Like a half heard psalm in the dewy even,
Or songs of joy from the far-off heaven,
Are the voices of the past.

Like soft perfumes from a vale of flowers
Are the happy dreams of our sunnier hours,
Which sparkle on memory's golden tide
Like gems on the breast of a virgin bride
When the marriage vow is given.
Like peans of glory, grand, sublime,
Are voices of that olden time;
They spring from the spot that gave us birth,
And the sound like music shall fill the earth,
'Till the echo dies in heaven.

They softly sigh from the silent grave,
They echo from ev'ry laughing wave,
In the summer breath and the winter blast,
Are the whispering voices of the past,
Soft, sweet, and dear.
In ev'ry light and familiar tone,
That the soul in its earlier days has known,
In ev'ry echo that greets the heart,
In ev'ry anthem they have a part
And seem forever near.

Educational.

THE TEACHER.

Kindness, Gentleness, and Forbarance.

—Pupils are prone to look to their teacher as an example and pattern, and they will feel safe in imitating him. If we except parents, there is no individual whose influence on the minds of the young is so strong as that of the instructor. Acting, as he does, "in loco parentis," he is often regarded with an affection akin to that felt for the parents themselves; and, it would sometimes appear, that the kind and amiable teacher exerted a more perfect control over his pupils than is exercised by the parents themselves. Be this as it may, it is the teacher's duty to let his every word and act give evidence that he possesses a kind spirit, and feels a tender and sincere regard for the wants and feelings of others. He should improve every fit occasion for inculcating the laws of kindness and enforcing the importance of doing good to all, as opportunity may offer. But, that his precepts may not fall powerless upon them, he should, in every proper manner and on every suitable occasion, seek to do them good, and act the part of a true and devoted friend. There is much truth in the saying, "Like begets like." A kind, pleasant, obliging instructor will, as a general thing, find kind, pleasant, and obliging pupils; while a morose, stern, and scolding teacher will always find impatient, fretful, and troblesome pupils.

"Kind words do not cost much; they never blister the tongue nor lips, and we never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, they help one's own good-nature. Soft words soften our own souls. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and warlike wods. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morse, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used." Then teacher,

"Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thoughts
Which time has taught *thee* well,
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone
Distrust might seem to tell."

Nothing is more true than that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and gentleness of spirit and expression has a most happy influence. The follwing case is quite illustrative of this position: A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a procedure which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter remained inflexible. Desirous of making the last effort, the Quaker called at the house of the merchant, one morning, and asked the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs, "Tell that *rascal* I am *not* at home!" The Quarker, looking up towards him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant was affected by the meekness of the reply, and, after more deliberately investigating the matter, he became convinced that he was wrong and the Quaker right. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you: How were you able with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and as violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I also found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak very loud, and hence I thought, if I could control my voice, I could restrain my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and, by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered and subdued my naturally impetuous temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically,—and others may profit, as the merchant did, from his example.

Cheerfulness. If the teacher regads faithfully the precepts already named, he will feel cheerful; and it is highly desirable, on his own account, as well as for his school, that he should thus feel. "Cheerfulness and kindness, like the sun, warm and animate; and there is that in the heart of every child that never fails to respond to it. When a little fellow enters school in the morning, with his eyes sparkling with animation, and his face smiling with pleasure, the teacher should repay with an approving smile, and then he will be happy for the day. But if, on the contrary, he is met with a frown, a warm little heart, gushing with tenderness, is chilled and frozen." How much do the cheerful and cordial tones, gentle movements, and friendly greetings and aids, of a father or mother, a brother or sister, do towards making home happy! So, too, how much may an instructor do to make the school-room attractive, by wearing a cheerful countenance, by using gentle tones, and by manifesting kindly feelings and sympathies! How quickly and surely will the pupils of a school learn to read in their teacher's countenance, as he enters the schoolroom, what will be the nature and condition of movements through the day! In the words of Goldsmith,

"Well do the boding tremblers learn to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

Is it not true that teachers are, often, too stern and precise in their movements? Some one has said of a teacher, that he wore a countenance which seemed to say, like the Old Farmer's Almanac, "Look out for a storm about this time," and with more certainty that the prognosticated storm would come than attends the prediction of the almanac. Now, if teachers would have happy and pleasant schools, they must be cheerful, ready to smile at any time themselves, and not unwilling to provoke laughter in their pupils. "Gentleness and cheerfulness form a sort of sweet atmosphere, which enters into a child's soul like the sunbeam into a rose-bud,—slowly, but surely, expanding it into beauty and vigor."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 6, 16, 19, 8, 3 is the name of a troublesome little animal.

My 23, 2, 19, 17, 23, 2, 11, 14, are peculiar to a civilized country.

My 10, 16, 15, 5, 13 is the name of a beautiful bird.

My 20, 10, 7, 3, 22, 11 was the name of a celebrated American General.

My 16, 13, 5, 18, 22, is a garden vegetable.

My 6, 5, 13, 14, 4, 3 is a measure of duration.

My 21, 16, 10, 8, 3, is one of the noblest of animals.

My 23, 10, 16, 23, 2, 12, 1, is a kind of mark much admired by ladies.

My 2, 7, 10, 17, 5, 13, 9, is a fish.

My 1, 21, 3, 10, 12, 8, 7 is a female name.

My whole is the name of one the best newspapers published.

Answer next week.

W. C. W.

QUESTION:—A, B, C & D have a sum of money to be divided between them in such a manner that if A's share is increased by ½ of the other three shares, it will be $1000; if B's is then increased by ⅓ the other three shares, it will be $1000; if C's is then increased by ¼ the other three shares, it will be $1000; if D's is then increased by 1-5 the other three shares, it will be $1000. Required the sum and each share.

Answer next week. G. S. McC.

JUST SO.—A young clerk undertook to commit suicide last week by shooting by daguerreotype. He was unsuccessful, however. This is the third attempt he has made on his life within the last three months. Cause—broken sleep, brought on by intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

IMPOSSIBLE.—The New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following definition of the word "impossible." "An obsolete word of four sylables, much used by the ancients, and still popular among many European nations. It has been cut out of the American vocabulary."

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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Union Educational Association.

In compliance with a recommendation of the State Educational Convention of last Fall, that auxiliary associations be formed in each county or district of the State, we learn from the Warrenton *News* that a number of teachers, clergymen and others, from Granville, Franklin and Warren, and a few from adjacent counties, assembled in the Methodist Church in Henderson on Friday, 10th of April, inst., adopted a constitution under the name of "The Union Educational Association of Teachers and others, from the Counties of Granville, Franklin and Warren, Auxiliary to the State Educational Association," and a permanent organization was thus effected. The objects of this Association, as set forth in the constitution are—

"1st. To collect and disseminate information upon the present systems and modes of education.

"2d. To introduce, so far as practicable, into our primary and higher seminaries, uniformity in text-books and modes of instruction.

"3d. To correct erroneous opinions on the subject of education.

"4th. To dignify and elevate the profession of teaching by a careful examination of its aims and results."

The Association, after a harmonious and interesting session of two days, adjourned to meet in the town of Oxford on the 22d June next. In furtherance of the objects above named, committees were appointed to report the best system of teaching English grammar, and the best plan of producing uniformity of text-books in the common schools of the State, to the June meeting.

Several persons, distinguished for their ability and attainments in literature, have consented to deliver essays at the next meeting on various subjects connected with education and the immediate objects of the Association.

A cordial invitation is extended to all teachers in colleges, academies, select schools and common schools, clergymen, chairman and boards of superintendents and committeemen of the common school system, and all who feel interested in our objects, to unite with us and aid us in their advancement.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Out West, April, 1857.

Dear Times: Last evening was the first time for several weeks that I have had the pleasure of looking upon your smiling face; not that you are guilty of any *laches*. Oh! no; the truth is, I've been "*moving*"—moving to that great and indefinite country, "out west," to which place letters can be addressed to your humble servant, for the next several months, to say the least. Here I am vainly endeavoring to extricate myself from a three feet depth of prairie *mud*, but alas! it looks now as though I would be obliged to stop until I vegetate; and just as likely as not I shall e bartered away by somebody, next fall, for a huge pumpkin, or what is worse, a Ruta Boga turnip. *But*, pumpkin or turnip, vegetable or mineral, this I *will* say, so long as I possess the faintest spark of manhood in my nature I will not stand and be *sassed* by *Miss Florence Fay* without showing a proper resentment, and bristling up to her as a man of spirit should. What a *touchy* thing that Florence is, isn't she, Mr. Editor? Who would have thought that the slight mention of her in my first letter would have raised the dear creature's *dander* to such a terrible and terrific pitch and set her to boiling and seathing like a caldron of mercury, ready to boil and annihilate the first unhappy wight who chanced to be near. Never "in the course of human events," have I received such a lashing as that at the hands of that same Florence Fay. Why, she seemed really *vipertsh*—waspish—but who cares for her Lilliputian squibs? Whom will her venom injure? Not *me*, for I am acquainted with that kind of virus—it only kills when the victim is afraid—it never hurts any but a coward nature. For more than two years Florence Fay has been casting her poisoned shafts at me;—they have been directed by a skilful hand, and withal, a strong one, but I have so parried the arrows that in most instances they have *rebounded* to the great injury of the aforesaid lady, and in one or two instances, the dear creature has come near being slain with her own weapons. She understands this, and hence her inordinate and wicked desire to slay me. But this she cannot do: the force of her malice is spent, and her arrows, though poisoned and skilfully aimed, fall harmless at my feet, and are as powerless as beams of moonshine. Mr. Editor, I'm not stilled, therefore, have no time to reply to Miss Fay's impudent letter in the Times:—when I get a little leisure I shall *try* to give that girl *fits*, and how successful I am I will leave you to judge. I have had many a "passage at arms" with her, and it is sufficient to say, that I was never dissatisfied with the result. As soon as I get gathered together, my determination is to send you some "*Western Sketches*," but don't hurry me for I am a body slow to move. Yours forever,

ENDOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE W. COTHRAN.

NUMBER VIII.

S. G. GOODRICH.*

There is scarcely a name connected with the history of our Literature, the simple mention of which will cause so many eyes to sparkle with delight and so many hearts to overflow with love and *filial* gratitude and to beat with so generous and friendly a warmth as that of Samuel G. Goodrich, the venerable and renowned and dearly loved "Peter Parley." And there certainly is not a laborer in our vineyard of letters more worthy of the highest respect and lasting veneration than this man, who may be regarded in one aspect at least, as a benefactor to his race. His writings, beyond the writings of any other American author, have been the most extensively read; and they have exerted the most beneficent and salutary influence upon the minds of the rising generation. The tales of Peter Parley proper (there having been published so many spurious counterfeits) are universally acknowledged to be the most admirable and worthy series of stories for youth that were ever given to the public. Their artless simplicity and their familiar mode of narration at once secure the attention of the reader, who soon becomes delighted with the agreeable company into which the author introduces him, and with the interesting scenes portrayed, and events described, in a manner at once amusing and instructive. How frequently have we read those simple little tales, and read them with such a hearty relish and almost breathless attention as we have never read a book since! What thrills of pleasure we used to experience on becoming possessed of a new story by him, and gazed with admiration upon that friendly, and to us, fatherly, engraving of the veritable Peter Parly, that constituted the frontispiece! Those were our youthful days, and our youthful and impulsive feelings; and, although years have passed into the vortex of Time since then, and the labor of our hands and our mind have ceased to be as they then were, the recollections of those happy moments are among the brightest and dearest reminiscences of our brief experience.

But the literary career of Mr. Goodrich has not been confined to the production of the Peter Parley series; he has aspired to and produced many statelier and larger works, in various departments of literature,—works, in their peculiar sphere, of a high order of merit; but we are inclined to think they do not exceed his productions for youth. Even admitting them to be equal to the Parley Tales it is a sufficient commendation. He is, perhaps, the most prolific of the writers of this country—being the author and editor of about one hundred and seventy volumes, of which one hundred and sixteen bear the name of Peter Parley. Of all these, about seven millions of volumes have been sold; about three hundred thousand volumes are now sold annually. This is a literary success of which any author may well feel proud, and the author's country feel proud of him.

Perhaps the most gigantic and serviceable literary performance of Mr. Goodrich is "*The History of all nations*," a grand work of over 1200 pages octavo, and in which the history of each nation, ancient or modern is given separately. This is a work of great magnitude, and is emphatically one of our best library books of History. (We may, ere long, allude to this work more at length.) But the crowning work of his life, a life devoted to the cause of literature and the best interests of his country and countrymen, is his latest work, "*Recollections of a Life-Time, or Men and Things I have seen.*" We scarcely know which to admire most, of its many meritorious qualities. It is written in a series of familiar letters to a friend; which style was chosen undoubtedly on account of the great latitude it gave the author for pleasant digressions, anecdotes, characterizations, historical portraits and sketches of scenery and events which, by any other style of writing, would have been excluded. We can not but admire the wisdom evinced in this selection after having been so pleasantly and profitably regaled by reading its fund of elegant and truthful sayings. Without any pretentions to rhetorical finish his style is fresh, vivacious and perspicuous—simple and natural, yet logically exact. The earnestness and sincerity of purpose with which he has executed his task, and the candid, impassionate, manly tone by which it is characterized, are worthy of special remark. He writes like a man who knew what he was writing about, and whom he was writing for, and, as we verily believe, notwithstanding he has caused certain epochs in our political history—the Hartford Convention for instance—to assume quite a different, in fact a diametrically opposite character from what we had been led to give it—that he has written without very strong bias, and with the intention to impart nought but the truth. It is one of the most natural things in the world for a man to more strongly sympathize with the political party with which he is allied than with any other, and, notwithstanding the plausible and able argument which he has made on his side of the subject, the true object of that convention is yet a debatable question. He certainly cannot expect to get many liberal democrats to endorse his views of that convention, albeit his views *may* be correct, and uttered, as we believe they were, with the entire conviction in the author's mind, of their truthfulness. We allude to this part of the work before us thus particularly for the reason that he represents that Convention in a light precisely opposite to that in which it has been regarded for years.

We fully agree with a contemporary who says, "In historic value—in the portraiture of eminent personages, living and dead, in the depiction of scenes through which he passed and the events in which he participated—in wealth of anecdote and range of illustration—in sprightliness of narrative and playfulness of humor—these 'Recollections' have seldom been surpassed." The book extends over a period of about half a century, giving a faithful account of what he saw and experienced; and certainly there are but few men now living who have seen so much as Mr. Goodrich, and who are as well qualified to tell it.

It is of such a varied character, and embraces so much clever, genial writing as to render almost fruitless the labors of the critic. We can but read, admire and commend. While it possesses all the fascination and charm of an American romance, it is yet a narrative of actual scenes and events which actually occurred. It is the nearest approximation to that matchless little work—Franklin's Autobiography—that has come under our notice, and it will ere long become encorporated in every family library, and be as familiar as "household words."

"Recollections of a Life-Time, or men and things I have seen; in a series of Familiar Letters to a Friend, Historical, Biographical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive. By S. G. Goodrich. 2 vols. large 12 mo. New York: Miller Orton & co., 1857. Price $3.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER XII.

More about flats and Sharps.

Now take A for your key-note, and write from it the notes of the scale. A is 1, B 2, C 3, and D 4. By assuming A for no. 1, you have raised C half an interval higher than it is in the natural scale, leaving a whole interval between it and B and inducing a half between it and D; thus you have sharped C, and the fact is to be indicated by a sharp placed on that letter at the beginning of the staff. Go on again, up the scale: D 4, E 5, F 6, G 7, and A 8. What intervals? Between D and C a whole interval, as in the natural scale and between E & F a whole interval, *not* as in that Scale; for by taking A for 1 you have pushed F half an interval further from E than it is in the natural scale. Write a sharp on F, and proceed. As F has been raised half an interval nearer to G than it stands in the C scale is there not a half interval between them now instead of a whole one as in that scale! *No*, for G is no. 7 and it is sharped also. Now you come to the second half interval, viz. between G and A, G being 7 and A 8. You have in this diagram a three sharp signature. Now look into the music-book and you will find a great many tunes in the key of A natural, all having 3 sharps at the beginning. Every tune in the key of A natural major mode, has C, F, and G sharped. This is the exact order in which these sharps succeed each other, as any one may see who will study carfully the above explanation of the A Scale.

We have taken every letter of the staff from C to A for the location of the key-note. We have been using the bass, alias the F cleff staff all the way; but the Tenor, or G cleff staff will do just as well, indeed better now, for we have got so high up the scale that ledger lines are accumulating inconveniently fast. Having used A fast in course B comes next. Down with your notes then—key-note on B. We'll count: B 1, C 2, D 3, and E 4. How came a whole interval between B and C here when in the natural scale there is only a half between them? *B is depressed half an interval by being taken for the key-note*, i. e. it is flatted: thus a whole interval occurs between B and C. Write a flat on B and proceed. Between C and D is a whole interval, as in the natural scale; but between D and E a half; one half less than in the C scale. E is drawn down half an interval nearer to D, and hence this difference. E is flatted, do'nt you see? Write a flat on E and go on: Between E and F a whole interval, (caused by putting the key-note on B) between F and G a whole interval, between G and A a whole, and between A and B a half. This is the place for the second half interval in the octave, caused by the flatting of B, i. e. by placing no. 1 on it. This piece of music is in the key of B flat. A great many tunes are thus written, and they always have a too flat signature, i. e. B and E have flats placed on them.

Thus have I taken you over every one of the 7 musical letters, assuming each in turn for the key-note. We need go no higher up the staff, as C comes next, and we have already considered it fully. Have I made myself understood by you? I have no doubt you will understand this flat and sharp part of the subject perfectly if you will take a music-book and study the notes of the tunes in the light I have given you. I think I have said enough to enable every earnest student to understand the matter, having gone thro' with sharp signatures from one to four, and given two flat signatures. These, viz. four sharps and two flats, are enough for all the ordinary purposes of music, either for composition or performance; tho' some other keys are used sometimes, and give a beautiful variety and effect: for instance; write no. 1 on F, and instead of considering, as you did when you assumed E for 1 before, that F has been pushed up half an interval further from E, regard E as drawn down half an interval further from F. Thus you get a whole interval between these two letters by flatting E. You show this to the eye by a flat on E at the beginning of the staff. Your key-note now is on E flat instead of E natural, as it always is with a four sharp signature. Count up from it: E 1, F 2, G 3, and A 4: the first half interval is between G and A, A being flat. Now between A and B there is a whole interval, caused by flatting B also; for if A had been flatted and B left natural there would have been an interval and a half between them, a circumstance which never can occur in the regular gradations of the scale. What is the difference between the key-note of a tune with a 3 flat signature and one with a four sharp signature, as both are on E? *The former is just half an interval lower than the latter*, this being in the key of E natural, and that in E flat. Every tune in the major mode with a 3 flat signature is in the key of C flat.

A tune with a three sharp signature is in the key of A natural. If a composer should wish to have all the notes of a tune in the key of A, but at the same time aim to make it more plaintive and sweet than he could make it in the key of A natural, he would write it in the key of A flat, and use a four flat signature; i. e. A, B, D, and E would all be flatted; and that in the exact order here named: whereas, in the key of A natural, C, F and G are all sharped. To make this matter clearer, we'll go over the A flat scale as we have done the others. Locate then your key-note on A, and write a flat on it to make it correspond with that key of a piano called A flat. Do not forget that in the key of A natural, there is a whole interval between A and B: what is it now that you have flatted A? An interval and a half of course. But that will never do; there must be just one whole interval between nos. 1 and 2. B then is flatted also; and that brings just a whole interval between our A and B. A and B are both flat, and thus a whole interval is induced between B and C, the nos. 2 and 3 of this A flat scale. C remains as in the natural scale; but it is no. 3 now, and D is no. 4: between C and D then comes the first half interval of this octave. Between C and D there is a whole interval in the natural scale; but here there is only a half, caused by the flatting of D. Between D and E there is a whole interval in the natural scale, but D being depressed here by the position chosen for the key-note E also necessarily comes down half an interval. Every tune in the key of A flat has a four flat signature.

I know this matter of flats and sharps has been a great trouble to both teachers and pupils in these United States; to the latter, because they could never understand the explanations of it given in the music-books; and to the former, because they had failed to start at the right place for studying it themselves; and of course they could never make plain to others what was so utterly dark to themselves.

The way to study anything is to begin with the first principles of it, considering them consecutively—considering each single principle by itself, and then as connected with its cognate principles.

More anon.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS.

BY MATTIE MAY.

CONCLUDED.

Though the warm and genial Spring season is calling the leaves and flowers back to life, making glad the song of the woodland bird, and cheering the hearts of all lovers of Nature, yet there are days when cold and chilling winds drive us back to the fireside, and we fain would think the stern old king of Winter reigneth. It is just such a day now, linking once more the home circle around the hearthside; and calling up grave reflections, perhaps, of Life and its vicissitudes—of Death and its grim certainty, or mayhap some mysterious tracings of the human heart.

And so the winter has come and gone, with its thousands of incidents, joyous and sad;—and another Spring time is with us now. The question naturally arises, how have we passed the long, dreary season? How many times when the heart was sick and wearied with the trials and perplexities of life, have we murmured against the will of Him who hath said "all things work together for good?" Or when the eyes sparkled with joy, the lips moved with transport, and the heart's blood leaped glad and free, did we not then forget the friend of our anguished hours,—and rely upon things of earth for pleasure? How many times did we forget the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," and the daily prayer "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" But there is a day of reckoning, and God grant the deeds of this life be written in Mercy's book!

Have we been reading, and what benefit did we derive from it? Foremost in the list of many will be the trashy novel, or as they are sometimes called *moral novelettes*. It seems very strange to me that there are so many minds just matured enough to comprehend the beauties of life when artistically woven into fiction, yet see naught of interest much less of beauty in the life scenes around them. True, the inner temple of the heart is closed from the eyes of the world, yet study and research kindly persevered in, will reveal the sympathetic cord which binds us to our associates and many a hidden gem from the store-house of the mind and cells of the heart will glisten in the sunshine of congeniality;—a far greater reward than knowing the hearts of the characters in fiction—the one a pleasure of the moment, the other to the end of Time. And though an old adage it is nevertheless a truthful one that "life is stranger than fiction."

But says one (aye, I hope many) "I have read something improving to my mind; and neither have I neglected the culture of my heart." Then the long dreary season has not been vainly spent, for a mind well stored is under any circumstance of life, always a pleasant companion. "Literature," says a modern essayist, "has its *solitary* pleasures, and they are many; it has also its social pleasures and they are *more*." How careful then ought we to be in storing the mind with a pure literature, such as will ever shine forth, a sure and safe guide to others climbing the same round on the ladder of fame!

The faculties of the mind strengthen with exercise; an exercise which benefits the individual self, and contributes largely to the happiness of those we love, and with whom we associate. Nor are its pleasures for a season, but for Eternity. Every idea impressed upon the mental tablet, tends to make us more or less happy in the Future. It is well then, that we read with care, discriminating between the good and bad, and above all read with an eye single to God and Eternity. The reward here is great, but far greater in the land of our every hope; that haven of perfect rest.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WHAT CAUSES OUR COLD WEATHER? THE COMET.

Dear Times:—While we are having frost or ice every night and wearing our warmest winter clothing to keep comfortable, we learn that in Nova Scotia and Labrador, they have the most pleasant weather ever experienced in that climate at this season of the year. Spring has set in there two months earlier than usual. The cause of this exchanging climates which threatens to involve the whole southern country in famine is at present engaging the attention of most of our scientific men. Lieutenant Maury has been collecting facts regarding the snow storms and cold rains and many others have been carefully compiling statistics and comparing them with those of former years; but only one has yet attempted to explain the causes of these phenomena and *his name* is not given to the public; but as his explanation involves a question now agitating the public mind throughout the world, namely the reappearance of Halley's great comet, it will be read with intense interest. More credence is to be given it because it was written on the 9th of November 1856, before any one discovered any thing unusual in the climate. It is taken from a private letter dated St. Louis Missouri Nov. 9 1856, and is as follows (I quote from the Intelligencer of the 18th inst.)

"Now by way of fortifying your mind against fear, permit me to remind you that astronomers throughout the world are at this time looking for the re-appearance of Halley's great comet of 17-65. The near approach of this planet in embryo will influence our planet, perhaps the entire solar system. It will be attracted by the sun and then repelled by it, it will both attract and repel the planets of the solar system and appear to create disorder, confussion. But have no fears. It can neither attract nor be attracted so as to come in contact with any of the heavenly bodies. The most it can do to any of the planets (ours not excepted) will be to *change the currents* of their electrical envelopes.' This will have a tendency to give us the warmest or coldest winter (should the comet appear soon) experienced since 1765. Should the earth's electricity be attracted or repeled to either pole, the temperate zones will enjoy an unusual degree of mildness; on the other hand, should the earth's electric skein be gathered in folds nearing the equatorial regions, then indeed may we expect the most intense cold ever experienced in this climate. In either event, the disturbance of the ocean of electricity in which the solar system floats, will produce extraordinary results in atmospheric temperature, wind currents, and vegetation, until the electric equilibrium shall be established. This may appear strange to you, but by referring to an article of mine published in 'the Western Dispatch of Independence, Missouri, in the winter of 1853-4, headed, "It is so?" (which paper I think is in your possession) you will not fail to observe the *cause* of the phenomena suggested above. These truths are important."

Now in order that your readers may understand something about the "electrical envelopes" of the planets, I will quote Sir Isaac Newton's description of a comet as contained in his Principia.

"A comet is a sort of Planet revolving about the Sun, in a very excentric Orbit or Ellipsis, and which consequently approaches very near the Sun in one part of its Orbit, and recedes to a very remote distance from it in another. Hence 'tis evident, they must undergo extreme degrees of Heat and Cold. Hence it appears that the comets are solid, compact fixed, and durable Bodies, and not a vapour or Exhalation of the Earth, Sun, or Planets, as has been usually supposed; because, if it were such, it must inevitably be dissipated and dispersed in passing so near the Sun: For the Distance of the Comet of 1680 *in Perihlio* was so small that it conceived a degree of heat above 200 times greater than that of red hot iron. Yet are they not so fixed, but that they omit a fine, thin, lucid vapour; which at first, while the Comet is yet a great way from the Sun, *surrounded the Body in Form of an Atmosphere*, and begins to render the Comit visible. As the Comet approaches nearer the Sun, *this vapour* begins to ascend from the Head or *Nucleous* to heights greater and greater, as the Comet gets nearer and nearer to the Sun, and makes these amazing streams of light we usually call *Tails*."

The idea that the Solar system floats in an "ocean of electricity" does not seem to be original with the Missouri writer, as the following account of an experiment made by Mr. Gray just before his death will show. The experiment was thus:

"He fixed a large Iron Ball upon the middle of a large Cake of Rosin and Wax and exciting the virture strongly in the Cake, a fine Feather suspended by a thread and held near the Iron Ball, was carried round it by the effluria in a circular manner and performed several revolutions; it moved the same way with the Planets, from west to east, and its motion (like theirs) was not quite *circular*, but a little *elliptical*."—Martins Philos I p. 41.

Other experiments of a similar nature have been performed since then, but philosophers say when rightly considered they are of no service in accounting for the motions of the heavenly bodies, which depend on more certain principles.

Yours Respectfully,

N. B. C.

SYBILLA.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Her brow is raised, her eye in air,—
The spirit burns and triumphs there!—
Mark the sacred strength that dwells
Where that pure white forehead swells;
Lo! the sacred fire that streams
From that deep eye's sudden gleams,
As a shaft of lightning down driven
Through the cloud-veil'd deeps of heaven!

What the passion in that soul,
Thus that bursts and scorns control?
Can it be the lowly birth,—
Passion, which has root in earth—
Which may govern thus, and move,
Soul so high with mortal love?—
No! the feeling in that eye
Finds its birth-place in the sky.

She hath thrown aside the pen,
Which she straight resumes again:—
Coursing o'er the spotless leaf,
Lo! her heart hath told its grief:
What a sorrow in that tone!
What a passion in that morn!
And the big tear, in her eye,
How it speaks the destiny!

Read the letters;—speak them;—lo!
What a story writ, of woe;
Woe is me, that heart like thine,
Kindling thus, and pure, should pine;
Woe is me, that in thy morn,
Thou shouldst blossom thus forlorn;
Yet the doom is said in sooth,
Thou shalt perish in thy youth:—

Lose the promise at thy birth;
Lose the pleasant green of earth;
Lose the waters, lose the light,
Sweet from sense and fair from sight;
Ere the breaking of thy heart,
From each dear affection part,
Die in spirit, ere the doom
Drags the mortal to the tomb!—

Thus the fearful prophecy
Glares before thy fondling eye;
Thy own fingers pen the word,
Which thy coal-touch'd ear hath heard;
Thou art doom'd to witness all,
Thou hast loved and cherish'd, fall,—
Fall,—the deadliest form of death—
From the friendship, from the faith!

This is worst—for death is naught
To the high and hopeful thought;
'Tis a deeper pang that rends,
In the parting of firm friends;
In the wrenching of that tie
Which links souls of sympathy;
In the hour that finds us lone,
Making o'er the false our moan.

Death she fears not;—but to part,
With each young dream of the heart;
That first hope that brought the rest,
All its sweet brood, to the breast;
Where a virgin in her cares,
Love a mother grew to snares,
Which, with harbor'd vipers strove,
At the last, to strangle Love!—

Yet her sacred soul is strong;
She maintains the struggle long;
In her cheek the pale is bright,
And the tear-drop hath its sight;
On the lip the moan that's heard
Is the singing of a bird,
Striving for the distant quire;—
And her fingers clasp the lyre.

She is dying—dying fast,
But in music to the last;
Oh! sad swan, thy parting lay
Is the sweetest of thy day;
And it hath a winged might
Bearing up the soul in flight,
Still ascending, seeking place,
'Mong the angels, for a grace.

DANBURY FEMALE HIGH SCHOOL.—This institution deserves the patronage and nurture of the surrounding community. It is located in the quiet and pleasant village of Danbury, two miles from the Piedmont Springs. The locality is unsurpassed for quietude, adaptability to study, health, and romantic scenery. While the mind of the learner is enriched and elevated by the pure lessons of science, the soul is invigorated and ennobled by the grandest of scenery. Miss Ada Moore, the principal and proprietress of the school, is a young lady of rare accomplishments, educated in all the elementary branches taught in our best Southern Institutions, and is remarkable for her good sense and Christain character. Board of an excellent quality may be had from five to seven dollars per month. No school in our knowledge worthy of the same grade, combines so many attracting qualities, as Danbury Female High School. Parents who wish to send their daughters to a good school, with very moderate expenses and to a place where their health and beauty are increased rather than diminished, would do well to patronize this School.—*Winston Sentinel.*

FOUR THINGS.—A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, a short man on parade, and a lady in a huge bonnet sitting before you at a public lecture, are declared to be four of the most unpopular personages of the day.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, April 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@20; Coffee 16; Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.00@1.10 Meal 1.00@1.10; Chickens 10@12½; Eggs 10; Feathers 35@40; Flour 5.50@6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 13@14; Molasses 75@70; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 85@1.00, white 100@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 2@3; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.00@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.12; Hay 75@1.00 Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, April 21.
Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 14 @, western sides 13@14, western shoulders 11@11, hams 14@15; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 23@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 68@75; Cotton 12@13½; Coffee, rio 11@12, laguira 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 7.00@0.00, extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 7.50, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 90@1.00; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 44@45; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@ ; Oats 38@40; Rosin, no. 1, 1.50@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 50@60, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 42@00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2.55@0.00, hard 1.55@0.00; Tar 1.40@0.00; Wheat, red 1.40@1.45, white 145@1.50

NORFOLK MARKET, April 27.
Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 14@15, hoground 11@, western sides 13@14, shoulders 11@, hams 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 2@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 70@72, mixed 60@62, yellow 64@65; Coffee, rio 11@12½, laguira 13; Candles, adamantine 20@25; Dried Apples, bus. 28 lb, 200@2.25, Peaches, peeled bus. 40 lb, @ 0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7.50, superfine 6.50@6.75, extra 7.00@7.25, family 7@8; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ton 75.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 13@14; Lime 1.12@1.25; Molasses 60@65; Oats 40@45; Salt, fine sack, 1.65@1.70, ground alum 1.12@1.00, blown 1.60@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@14, crushed 14@00, W. India 120@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 27.00@29.00, B. O. hhd. 33.00@00.00, do heading 45.00@48.00; Soap, brown 4½@5, yellow 5½@6; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.45@1.50; Whisky 26@28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00@0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00@0.00, Mullets 3@3 Blue Fish, 9.50@8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75@4.50.

CATALOGUE OF FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received and for sale at the DRUG STORE, by W. C. PORTER.

ASPARAGUS,
Law's Grant.
BEETS,
Extra Early Blood beet,
Long Smooth Blood,
Early Blood Turnip,
Yellow Turnip,
White Sugar.
BROCOLI,
Early White,
" Late.
BUSH BEANS,
Early Valentine,
" Yellow 6 weeks,
Large White Kidney,
Early Refugee or 1000 to 1,
White Cranberry,
Red Speckled Valentine,
Large Lima or Butter.
White Dutch Runner.
CABBAGE,
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf,
Large Flat Dutch,
" Eng. Drumhead,
Fine Drumhead Savoy,
Green Globe Savoy,
Red Dutch for Pickling,
Large Am. Drumhead,
Wetherfield Prem flat Dutch,
Large Drumhead Savoy.
CAULIFLOWER,
Early London,
Large Late Asiatic.
CARROT,
Long Orange,
Whitefield.
CELERY,
White Solin,
Rose Colored,
New Silver Giant.
CUCUMBER,
Early Frame,
" Russian,
" Cluster,
London Long Green,
Extra " Turkey,
Gherkin.
EGG PLANT,
Long Purple,
" White.
EARLY CORN,
Early Sweet or Sugar,
" Tuscarora,
LETTUCE,
Early White Cabbage,
" Ice Head.
MELONS,
Large Musk,
Green Citron,
Pine Apple,
Dark Mountain Sweet,
Yellow Canteloupe,
Nasturtium or Indian Cress.
ONIONS,
Extra Early Red,
White Portugal,
Setts Large Red.
OKRA,
Long White,
PARSLEY,
Myatt's Garmshing,
Plain,
Curled
PARSNIPS,
Fine Sugar,
Long Smooth.
PEPPER GRASS,
Curled,
Broad Leafed,
PEPPER
Long Cayenne,
Large Sweet Bell-shaped.
PEAS,
Extra Early May,
Early Frame or June,
Dwarf Sugar.
J. R. & Co.'s Extra Early.
RADISH,
Early Frame Radish,
Long White Summer,
" Scarlet Short Top,
White Turnip,
RHUBURB,
Myatt's Victoria.
SQUASH,
Early Summer,
Lima Cocoanut,
Early Summer Crook Neck.
SWEET HERB,
Lavender,
Sweet Majorum,
Lemon Balm,
Sage.
TOMATO,
Large Yellow,
" Red,
J. R. & Co's Large Red.
TURNIP,
Large Lng. White flat,
Early flat Dutch or Summer,
Yellow Globe.

MACHINE POETRY.—As improvements are constantly being made in the Ambrotype business, I have invented a Machine for grinding poetry which will I think work charmingly after I get in practice, the first piece is by no means a fair specimen, but will serve to give the public some idea what a little "perseverance and sweet oil" can accomplish.

Come over to Starretts come every one come,
Who wish a likeness, in pairs or alone;
He will *Coffin* none for a dollar or two,
But give each a picture, that's lifelike and true.
The rose and the lily, he'll blend on each cheek,
And give to the eyes such a lustre, they'd speak,
And sparkle with wit, and throw such a charm
O'er all of the face, that the woman, or man,
Will be with them pleased, in expression and mein.

For they'l smile as sweet, as a babe in a dream
Then, come over to Starrett's, every one come,
If you wish to get a good likeness, for any one,
Say, an Uncle, or Aunt, a Father, or Mother,
A Sister, or friend, a belle, beau, or brother.
And he'l paint their portrait, so well on th' glass,
That none of their features, from it will e'er pass;
But there remain ever, as they now appear,
To cheer while they live, and when gone, oh, how dear!
Such a token will be, to the bereaved heart;
When those that it loves, from earth shall depart.
Therefore, he *characatures* none oh, no, no!
'Twould be cruel in him, were he to do so.
He's a man of his word and he will perform
All that he promises, or acknowledge the corn,
By at once backing out and————

There my machine is broke and will need repairing which will be done soon, as poetry is in demand by the fraternity. I hope the Editors and the public will not class me with the poets, but when they want good Ambrotypes "count me in!"

A. STARRETT.

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ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6:1y

THE TIMES

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EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

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ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina,

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT, by *Jeannie.*

LIZZIE LEE, by *Stella Steele.*

NED PERCY; OR LOVE AND PREJUDICE, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutchenson.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Desiree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

GARCIA FENELON; OR THE TRUE GOOD, by *Mat Social.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by *Finley Johnson.*

THWARTED PLOTS, by *Clara Augusta.*

FASHION AND FOLLY; OR, WISDOM AND CHARITY, by *Ina Clayton.*

EMILY SOMERVILLE; OR, CONSTANCY REWARDED, by *Charles M. Tenley*, Associate Editor N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive at least

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TRIAL OF CHIPMAN:—We went to press last week just as the examination of the witnesses commenced on Wednesday evening. We have never known a trial in our Court to create more excitement. The examination of witnesses was very rigid and consumed nearly two days. The defense for the state and for the prisoner was most powerful, displaying as much skill and ability as we have ever witnessed. Messrs Solicitor Ruffin and McLean for the State, and Messrs Gilmer and Morehead for the Prisoner. The Judge's charge was short but clear and comprehensive. The Jury retired at 8 o'clock Friday night, and in two hours returned with a verdict of "Guilty."

On saturday, in accordance with the above verdict, the Judge sentenced the prisoner to be hung the third Friday in June, from which he took an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Judge Saunders presides with much dignity, ease and urbanity; and wins the good opinion of all with whom he has to do.

GOOD TIME COMING:—Col. Britton is fixing up and moving into the "Bland House," which he purchased last week, and intends to make it the "model House" of North Carolina. Just think of it, these hard times, he brought *only* 500 hams into his smoke house the first day! We understand these are intended for our Commencement weeks. But we need not "puff" the House, only come and get a look at the Landlord and that will satisfy any reasonable man he is a "good feeder."

Second Annual Meeting

Of the Educational Institute of the M. E. Church South.

This association held its second Annual meeting in Nashville, Tenn. last week. We are indebted to a friend for a copy of the *Republican Banner* of that city, containing the full proceedings of the closing days. The Literary and Educational interests of the South are destined to be much influenced by some of these initiatory steps. We, therefore, present somewhat in detail the proceedings received, as in that shape they will be more satisfactory to the reader.

In the Afternoon session of Wednesday, April 22, it was

Resolved, That the report by President Wightman and the lecture by President Church, both read last night, be furnished for publication in the Nashville Christian Advocate; and also that all similar papers be disposed of in the same way.

On motion of Professor Larrabee, Presidents Elliott and Craven and Prof. Sassnett were appointed a committee, in accordance with the requirements of a resolution previously adopted, in reference to the establishment of an Educational Journal, &c.

A committee having been appointed to nominate the officers of the Institute for the ensuing year, submitted a report, and the nominees were elected as follows:

REV. M. M. HENKLE, D.D.,	PRESIDENT,	
Rev. President Elliott,	1st Vice President.	
Rev. Dr. Green,	2nd "	"
Rev. President Craven,	3rd "	"
Rev. Prof. Sassnett,	4th "	"
Rev. Pres. Wightman,	5th "	"
Rev. Pres. Hamilton,	Secretary.	
Rev. Pres. Callendar,	Treasurer.	

The following resolution presented by Prof. Stark was adopted:

Resolved, That the committee on the selection of subjects for exercises at our next annual meeting provide for a report on the philosophical classification of the Physical Sciences and the proper order of studying them.

The order of the day being the consideration of the report presented by Professor Sassnett, chairman of the committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Central University under the control of the M. E. Church, South, was taken up, and after much earnest and patient deliberation, the report was unanimously adopted. The report is quite long and very able. We give the leading features. The Institute asks the next General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, to locate a Southern Central University, based upon the following principles and conditions:

1. That it consist of the three general departments; one of Medicine, one of Law, and the other of Literature proper. The Departments of Law and Medicine being conducted upon the plan of such schools generally, and being authorized to confer upon graduates the usual degrees.

2. That the instruction in the department of literature shall consist of lectures by the appointed faculty, upon all the various departments of knowledge; upon Phisiology; upon Belles Lettres; upon applied Mathematics, including every branch of Mechanics and Civil Engineering; upon all the various branches of Natural Science, including Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology, Botany, and Natural History; upon General History, its philosophy and facts; upon Metaphysics in all its branches; upon Biblical Economy; upon the art of Book Keeping, and upon the general principles which regulate Commercial Exchange and Banking Operations; upon Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence; upon the Laws of Nations and the general rules and principles of Equity; upon Agricultural Chemistry and Practical Agriculture generally; upon Biblical Literature and Ecclesiastical History, and any and all other departments of knowledge necessary to the fullest and completest system of education.

3. That a qualification for admission into this literary department of the University shall be a Diploma certifying the fact of regular graduation in one of the regular Colleges of the country, and the course in this department shall be one of two years, at the end of which the degree of Master of Arts may be conferred by the Board of Trustees.

4. That it be the object of the Board of Trustees to secure a Faculty, especially for the literary departments, of the very first talent and learning, and for this purpose that they offer the most liberal salaries, not attempting to put the University into actual operation until the endowment obtained of the sources of income provided for be on that ample scale which will guarantee the regular and certain payment of the salaries offered.

5. That the University in all of its departments be understood to be under the direct and exclusive control of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and that this object may be always made sure, the General Conference shall have the appointment of the Trustees of the University, which Board of Trustees shall consist of fifteen persons, nine of whom shall be preachers, members of an annual Conference, and the remainder laymen, the power being delegated to the Bishops at their annual meetings to fill all vacancies in the Board of Trustees which may occur in the intervals of the General Conferences.

On motion, a committee consisting of Rev. Drs. Green and McFerrin and W. R. Elliston, Esq., was appointed to apply for a charter for said University to the next Legislature of Tennessee.

Night Session.

President Craven was introduced, and read an Essay on Normal Schools, which was listened to by a most attentive audience.

On motion of Prof. Larrabee, President Craven was unanimously requested to furnish a copy of his able and eloquent Essay for publication.

Thursday Morning Session.

On motion of President Everhart, Prof. Sassnett was added to the committee on the proper method of teaching in Female Schools, and the committee which will report at the next annual meeting was requested to publish the report in advance.

The committee on Exercises, to be submitted at the next annual meeting, presented the following report which was adopted:

The committee to whom was referred the subject of suggesting certain persons who should be requested to favor the Educational Institute with their views as to the most suitable texts to be employed in Southern Colleges and Schools, beg to submit the following as their report:

On Mental Science—President Wightman, Wofford College, S. C.; Dr. Longstreet, Miss.; President W. A. Smith, Randolph Macon College, Va.; President Rivers, Florence Wesleyan University, Ala.

On Moral Science—President Anderson, St. Charles College, Mo.; President Wiley, Emory and Henry College, Va.; President Craven, Normal College, N. C.

On Belles Lettres—Prof. Shipp, University of North Carolina; President Thomas, Emory College, Ga.; President Everhart, Huntsville F. College, Ala.; President Jones, Greensboro F. College, N. C.

On Political Economy—Prof. Sassnett, Emory College, Ga.; President Hamilton, Shelbyville University, Tenn.; President Naff, Tenn. Con. F. College, Ala.

On Mathematics—President Garland, University of Ala.; Prof. L. Johnson, Normal College, N. C.; Prof. Carlisle, Wofford College, S. C.; Prof. Larrabee, Centenary Institute, Ala.; Prof. Scales, Centenary College, La.; President Miller, Centenary College, La.

On Chemistry and Mineralogy—Dr. Means, Oxford, Ga.; Prof. Du Pre, Wofford College, S. C.; Prof. Malone, Florence Wesleyan University, Alabama.

On Natural Philosophy—Prof. Tutwiler, Green Springs, Ala.; Prof. Rice, Florence Wesleyan University; Prof. Darbey, Auburn, Ala.

On the Latin Language and Literature—Prof. Gessner Harrison, University of Va.; Prof. Duncan, Wofford College, S. C.; Prof. Carey, Florence Wesleyan University.

On the Greek Language and Literature—Prof Holcomb, Centenary College, La.; Prof. Magruder, La.; Prof. Carlos S. Smith, Ala.

On Common School Books—President Moore, Bascom F. Seminary, Miss.; President Callender, Soule Female College, Tennessee; President C. D. Elliott, Nashville F. Academy, Ten; President Mitchell, Centenary Institute, Ala.; Prof. D. B. Ross, La.; Prof. Pitts, Mansfield F. College, La., President G. Jones, Andrew College, Tenn.; President O. S. Smith, Wesleyan F. College, Ga.; Prof. Bonhell, Ala.

The same committee presented the following report on subjects for Lectures, Essays, Reports, etc., to be presented at the next annual meeting, and the report was adopted:

Lecture—On the proper method of introducing the Bible as a text book in Literary Institutions; by Bishop Paine

Lecture—On the importance of Natural History as a branch of Education; by President Guilford Jones.

Lecture—On the necessity of a more thorough and extended instruction in English Language and Literature, by President Everhart.

Essay—On the best method of School Discipline, by President Elliott.

Essay—On the study of the Classics, by President Craven.

Report—On the proper time and length of vacations, by Presidents Callender and Church.

Report—On the propriety of Public Examinations and Prizes, by Presidents S. W. Moore and J. M. Sharpe.

Report—On the value and importance of Experimental Lecture, by President Hamilton and Rev. Dr. Erwin.

Report—On the propriety and advantages of the non-resident system for College students, by Prof. Malone and President Thomas.

Report—On the effects of endowments on Discipline and scholarship, by President Anderson and Dr. Keener.

Report—On the philosophical classification of the Physical Sciences and the proper method of studying them, by Professors Darby and Bonnell.

Report—On the expediency of providing as far as possible a system of Common School education by benevolent effort or otherwise, by Rev. Dr. Erwin and Presidents Moore and Naff.

Report—On the proper course of training for Female Colleges and Academies, by Prof. Larrabee, President Everhart and Prof. Sassnett.

Report—On University education—by President Garland and Prof. Sassnett.

Essay—On the proper method of teaching Geography.

Essay—On Denominational Education by Bishop Pierce.

Essay—On the relations of our institutions of learning to Southern Authorship in general; by Rev. Dr. Summers.

Lecture—On the Anglo Saxon element in English Literature; by Rev. Dr. Henkle.

Lecture—On the expediency of establishing purely and distinctively Scientific Schools in the South; by President Craven.

Afternoon Session.

On motion of Prof. Larrabee, the Constitution was amended in several points—so as to require the presence of twelve members to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business—so as to require *two dollars* instead of *one dollar*, as the initiation fee—and so as to require another officer—Corresponding Secretary.

President Callender was elected Corresponding Secretary.

On motion of Prof. Larrabee, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of the present Session—with an abstract of those of the last Session—including Reports, etc., be published by the members of the Institute, and that W. C. Johnson be appointed to superintend the publication.

On motion, the chair appointed President Elliott and Drs. Green and Henkle, a committee of arrangements for the next annual meeting.

On motion the Institute adjourned, to meet again on the second Monday in May, 1858.

THE JULLIEN MINSTRELS.—We have never witnessed the performance of this Troupe, and can therefore, speak of them only on "report." The *Banner* of Salisbury, says:

"This popular band of minstrels have been playing before crowded houses for the last week. They give their farewell concert, for the benefit of the Rowan Rifle Guards, this (Monday) evening, which we hope will be greeted with a crowded audience. Bill Parrow is a trump, and any one should not slip an opportunity to hear the best nigger-actor that has ever appeared on the Southern boards. We hope the Minstrels will meet with a hearty welcome wherever they may go; their visit to Salisbury will long be remembered. Bill Parrow was presented with a beautiful cane by Capt. Hendren on Saturday night last which met with hearty cheering from the spectators. *Vive la Bill.*

They will appear in the Young Men's Hall this (Wednesday) evening.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

BERNARD LYLE.—J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. *Philadelphia.*

We would have been greatly disappointed in the character of this work, if we had not been apprised by the author, in his preface, of its peculiar nature. He says "it is a book of life—of life not as I wished it, or thought it ought to be, but as I have found it. *It has no plan, for human life has none.* A thousand unforeseen circumstances are forever swaying our purposes, and making a mockery of our firmist resolves." Regarded simply as a work of fiction—a novel—which should contain characters finely cut and individualized, and whose several destinies are to be worked out, besides a plot, simple or complex, clearly arranged and skillfully managed—regarded thus, and it is by no means a successful performance. There is very little of the artest evinced in its construction. In it there is really no unity of effect, nor genuine dramatic power displayed in developing the story or in eliminating and unfolding character. But if viewed, as the author no doubt intended it should be, not as a continuous and well arranged story, but as a *narrative* of startling adventure, and brave personal exploit, all the characters of the work subordinated to the full development of the passions and heart struggles, and stirring events, which distinguished the life of the *hero*, it then becomes a work of deep interest and instruction. In fact, it is almost without plot, and is really but a connected series of episodes in which the heroism of Life is described in animated, picturesque, and not infrequently eloquent language. The hero is not to us a very natural creation. He has too much of the supermortal in his composition to please our taste. His exploits savor too much of Munchausen and Crockett for our palate, accustomed to nutritious and wholesome food to relish. There was no enterprise, however desperate, he would not have dared, no exploit, however great he would not have performed. In a word, the character of Lile is extravagant and mythical, and is more the creation of a wild and grotesque fancy, than the production of a calm, clear, creative mind.

The hero, a native of New Hampshire, for some dark crime, (not unfolded) leaves his home, and becomes a wanderer in the Orient. After a long abscence he returns, bringing with him a beautiful and lovely girl of the East as his wife. He is soon seen fighting under the lone flag of Texas, and greatly assits in obtaining her independence. His prodigious prowess and undaunted gallantry win for him a name first among soldiers. In a little while, we find him bravely encountering the fierce Camanches, and anon, displaying the most heroic courage upon the plains of Mexico. He at last receives his death wound, and meets his last doom with the calmness and courage of a hero of a hundred bloody rencountres, cheered with the belief that an angel awaited to convey him to the bosom of his God.

The author is the Hon. Jere. Clemens of Alabama. He excels in the discription of the beauty and sublimity of natural scenery. We could cull passages that would do credit to the great painters of Nature. His discriptions of the stirring events of border warfare, and regular engagements mark him as a faithful portrayer and correct observer. And although there is a vast deal of blood-shed and horror, yet it is only that kind which is inseperably connected with war, whether it be waged in a tented field or upon distant fronteirs. His is not the mere vulgar faculty of stringing together a tissue of the most disgusting pictures of depravity;—he rather passes before your vision a panarama of life, diversified with shifting scenes, and teeming with adventure, and exhibits for your instruction and delight, character of various type from the heartless assassin and noisome bravado, to the noblest specimen of creation, the chivalrous and pure hero, or to the more beautiful and ideal conception—woman, fair and lovely woman, adorned with every lineament of grace and every attribute of proportion.

There is one excellence of the author we can not too highly commend. "Bernard Lile" is written in pure, racy mellow idiomatic English. The style is invariably simple and purspicuous. It is often richly colored, but is uniformly free from the tinged eloquence and rolling bombast which mar the writings of so many of our authors. He never piles metaphor until he staggers under the weight of his wordy accumulations, like Thursites under the armor of Achilles. But his illustrations are natural and well-chosen, and his similes invariably felicitous and poetical, many of his discriptive passages are vastly fine. Those especially, which refer to the scenery of the South and the luxuriant Tropics, are clothed in such a luscious garniture of words,—are replete with such a wealth of pulby phrases, and present to the enamored vissions such realms of pleasance, that we are reminded of the lands of the "cypress and myrtle" and of the "cedar and vine."

"Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gull in her bloom,"

These glorious pictures of Eastern life, which have been discribed by the witching pens of the weird authors of Vathek and Anastasius, or have been preserved in the gorgeous setting of Byron's and Moore's immortal verse—pictures worthy of the "golden prime" of that grandest and greatest of all Caliphs, "Haroun Alive Raschid—recur instantly to our memory as in follow the delicate and ornate tracery of the author's styles.

We cannot close without expressing our gratification, that the author has sought his own virgin soil, instead of foraging in the worn-out fields of Europe—that he has found employment for his pencil in painting nature in her most sublime and beautiful proportions as found on our own Continent, and in discribing some of those animating and ennobling events afforded by our country's history. We rejoice that the genius of our Country is beginning to rise in its vigor and manliness, and to throw off the shackles of a menial imamitation that have frequently fettered the freedom of its flight! The incidents of our chequered career as a nation, and the glorious examples of virtue fortitude, heroism and perseverance which mark the annals of our history as a free, united and happy people surely furnish themes worthy of their pens. We shall be glad to meet Mr. Clemens again, whether as a writer of fiction or a discriber of the stirring events of real life.

INDICATOR.

THE CAPITAL GROUNDS:—The *Register* says the Capital Square is undergoing some improvements which will render it worthy of the noble edifice which stands in its midst. The grounds are being plowed up preparatory to laying them off in gravelled walks, we understand, and setting out therein a large variety of flower plants, shrubbery, &c. When these improvements are added to the brave old oaks whose wide-spreading branches overshade the entire Square, our Capital Grounds will be one of the most handsome squares in the country.

THE FARMER AND HIS HOME.—It has always been a matter of wonder to us that the farmer should care so little for himself the members of his family, and his home—that he should hold tasteful and beautiful things in contempt—that he can abide nothing which is not useful, according to his idea of usefulness, and that he should sacrifice comfort evermore to cash. The large majority of farmers have but two tests by which to try men and things: can they work—are they useful? They bring up their boys and girls with the idea that work is the great thing—the more work a boy or girl can do the higher they rise in the scale of excellence. When they marry, they must marry a girl who can work. If she is "very smart" she is considered a prize.

A farmer's home is rarely beautiful and tasteful in its externals. So almost universally is this the case, that when an instance is found it is the theme of unwonted delight, and the cause of special remark. The barn very likely fronts the house across the street.

Carts and wagons stand upon ground which should be occupied by shade trees. There is no door yard. There are no flowers. Everything is for use—everything suggests work, and work only. There is no indication of a life above this work—nothing to show the existence of a want above eating and drinking. The soul necessarily grows small under the dull pressure of a life like this. If this unmindfulness of comfort and the polite amenities of life, were the result of simple indifference, the case would be more hopeful; but there largely prevails a degree of contempt for these things, which proves that perverted notions have become inbred and well nigh ineradicable.

We love the life of a true man who is a true farmer. His lot is the noblest and sweetest—the most free from sickness and care that falls to mortals. There is nothing in the farmers profession that should make him awkward and boorish in the least. We trust that the young men now coming upon the stage will be something more than drudges men who will take position in society—men who will delight to make their homes beautiful and comfortable, and who will do their share to throw the charm around the farmer's life which belongs to it—comfort, convenience, beauty, taste—the charm which shall make the life attractive to those who are bred in it, and which will secure for it the talent which now seeks a more congenial atmosphere in other fields.

OLIN HIGH SCHOOL.—It will be recollected that the Legislature passed an act to incorporate the Trustees of this Institution and increase the number to fifteen. The act grants the privilege of erecting the school into a college when $40,000 shall have been subscribed as a permanent fund for the institution.

We have cause to believe this endowment will be easily raised, and that the proposed change will be made. The career of this institution as high a school, since its establishment, has been eminently successful, and from our knowledge of the integrity, and moral and intellectual worth of those connected with and interested in it, we feel that its future is full of promise.

We learn that Rev. Baxter Clegg, who was formerly connected with this institution, has recently been elected President of the same. We are not apprised whether or not Mr. Clegg will accept, but we know that the friends of the institution and of education throughout the State, would be pleased to see him at its head.

Those who at present have charge of the school are eminently qualified to discharge the duties that devolve upon them, and from our knowledge of the population of Iredell county, and especially of the people around Olin, we look upon it as the most favored spot for educational facilities in the country. The people who compose that community are sober, moral and energetic, and the locality is remarkably healthy.—*Golds. Tribune.*

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION—At 9½ o'clock on the morning of the 1st of May, the officers and pupils of the Methodist Sabbath School the Parents of the children of said school, together with the members of the Sabbath School Society, are respectfully invited to meet in the Basement of the Methodist Church; from there they will proceed to a suitable grove, and partake of a social pic nic. And at 7½ o'clock of the same evening, the public are requested to assemble in the Methodist Church, where they may expect to be entertained with addresses suitable to the occasion.

GREAT GEORGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY IN GEORGIA.—Interesting intelligence has just been received from the State survey of the Okefenokee Swamp, which covers nearly a fourth of the map of Georgia. The great swamp does not appear to be a swamp after all. So far from being impeded by water, the expedition suffered severely from want of it, and were compelled to sink three wells for drinking and cooking purposes. The underwood also was found of almost fabulous thickness, through which they were compelled to cut their way with knives, whereby they were so much delayed as to be in danger of starvation, their supplies being exhausted. The most erroneous opinions have been entertained of the extent and nature of the whole region. No published map gives any idea of its geography. The survey will prove a fortunate venture. The submerged portion is found to be easily drained, whereby thousands of acres of the most valuable cotton lands in the South will be reclaimed.

CHARLESTON AND MEMPHIS:—The line of railway between these cities is now complete, the last rail having been laid in Tishemingo county, Mississippi, at 3 o'clock P. M., Friday, March 27th, A. D. 1857, Hon. James C. Jones, of Tennessee, driving the last spike in the presence and amid the joyous shouts of a large crowd of citizens of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi.

The entire distance from Charleston to Memphis is 756 miles. For the convenience of travelers we append a table of distances.

Charleston to Augusta	136 miles
Augusta to Atlanta	171 "
Atlanta to Chattanooga	140 "
Chattanooga to Memphis	309 "
Total	756 "

On the 1st and 2d days of May, a Grand Railroad Jubilee will take place at Memphis, to celebrate the completion of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and opening of a direct communication between the Mississippi and Atlantic.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MR. SCHNEIDER respectfully tenders his most hearty thanks to the large and intelligent audience with whose presence he was honored on Tuesday evening, and he assures them, that he will ever gratefully cherish the compliment.

To the members of the Glee Club, especially, would he express his most sincere acknowledgement for the many kindnesses which they have heretofore shown him, and he begs leave to say, that he will ever cherish his association with them among the most pleasing recollections of his residence in Greensborough.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A PRAYER.

BY POSINGOR.

MY FATHER! come thou nearer now!
And let me feel upon my brow
The gentle hand of peace.
To-day
I feel the need of thee.
Away
Chase every grim and ghostly doubt,
And drive my spirit's shadows out.
Bid every anguish die, and doff
My sombre garb of thought.
Cast off
The heavy burden of my grief
And send the manna of relief.
Come thou, oh FATHER! near to me
And let me find a friend in thee.

NEWSPAPERS.—In some parts of East Tennessee, where newspapers are not as well sustained as they are in other portions of the country we wot off, many of the "bone and sinew of the land" imagine that "Old Hickory" is yet President of these United States. We have heard it hinted that some of the "boys" there have been known to follow a traveling carriage all day, in order to find out what caused the wheels to turn around! They have a kind of dim notion that a man by the name of George Washington once lived and died in this country, that he invaded the mother country, (*New* England,) and crossed the Atlantic on the ice. Beyond this, they are inexpressibly happy, according to the old maxim that, "when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

But seriously, the man who does not take a newspaper, (and pay for it,) might as well retire in a monastery, for he is incompetent to come into contact with the man who does. Read the biographies of our most successful merchants, and it will be discovered that reading the newspapers, and advertising in them liberally, constituted the basis upon which they erected their magnificent fortunes. It is impossible to be a regular n wspaper reader and not be intelligent. The daily life of the whole world is written down therein. Intelligence by railroad, steamship and telegraph, hurries over the land and sea, and the editor, with his unresting pen, records it for the public eye, forever.

The merchant, if there was but one newspaper in the land, and the cost of it was two-thirds of his gains, would be obliged to be a subscriber or retire from business. The newspaper in this country is the agent which every person consults when he wishes to satisfy any of his wants, when he wishes to buy or sell. A man in this country may have nearly all the merit, talent, and cheap goods in the world, and they will be of no avail or profit to him unless the fact is known to the people. There is no other available way to disseminate this information than by the press. It is only necessary to give a little serious reflection to this matter to become convinced that the business man who knows how to use the press is bound to succeed.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MUST LOVE IT:—Five thousand eight hundred and eighty-one barrels of whiskey, containing forty-one gallons each, making a total of 244.121 gallons, were conveyed over the Seaboard railroad between the first of January, 1856, and the first of February, 1857, to various points on the line of the road and the contiguous parts of North Carolina.

OVERWORKING THE BRAIN.—An intelligent writer in one of our large cities gives a note of which many, in the present excitement and rush of the country, would do well to heed. "In one of our lunatic asylums," he says, "there are now several gentlemen, all of whom were 1 year ago in full health and active business, and in each of these cases mental aberration is traceable directly to overworking the brain. They are men of wealth and social eminence, and, until their sad affliction, were distinguished for usefulness in the church and in the community. But to these we must add perhaps thousands of cases in which premature old age or permanent ill health and mental imbecility have risen from similar causes."

HOWARD COLLEGE.—This institution is located in Marion Al., and is under the control of the Baptist Church. In the report of the Educational committee of the Alabama Baptist State Convention, recently held in that place, we find the following interesting record of the Howard College—

A point has been gained in the history of this institution, from which we may confidently hope to date a higher degree of prosperity. The endowment fund has now reached nearly one hundred thousand dollars—two ample edifices have been erected, and still another is on the way—an unsurpassed chemical and philosophical apparatus has been purchased under the immediate supervision of Professor Davis—and it is thought that during the present year, at least fifty thousand dollars more will be added to the permanent endowment, and a tolerably fair start made toward the collection of a library and cabinet of minerals. Elder Z. G. Henderson agent of the College, has already secured an amount which altogether warrants these expectations.

BAPTIST COLLEGE.—The Tuscaloosa Observer says the Baptists in and around that place are at present making an earnest effort to establish in that city, a first class institution of learning, to be incorporated under the name and style of the Alabama Central Female College.

As an evidence of their hearty approbation, the handsome sum of $20,000 was subscribed in a few days. This was the minimum amount to be raised before any active steps are taken in the outlay of money.

MARRIED,

In Rockingham, on Tuesday, 14th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Doub, Mr. JOHN M. SCALES, of Pittsylvania County, Va., to Miss MARY C., youngest daughter of W. F. Leak, Esq.

AMBROTYPES—AT COFFIN'S GALLERY you can get an Ambrotype for only one dollar. Come everybody and get one. These Ambrotypes are finished up-transparent.

These Ambrotypes are finished up with two glasses hermetically sealed together.

These Ambrotypes are colored natural to life.

These Ambrotypes are warranted neither to fade nor spot.

These Ambrotypes are excelled by none in the Union.

He takes the likenesses of children in from two to four seconds sitting.

His rooms are over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.

Z. S. COFFIN.

March 26, 1857.

HUMBUG! HUMBUG!!—AS THIS is an age of Humbugs, we are not surprised to find an intelligent community setting their faces against bragarts, of all classes—whether doctors, lawyers or *Ambrotypists*. A divine of this place wisely remarked—that "a fool's argument is, what will you bet on it," and whenever a man proposes to compete with his fellow man for a reward, and then backs out and says, *I'll bet* I can excel you, and never *try*—people naturally conclude, he is a humbug. If an editor was to *steal* an editorial from a brother editor when every body knew he had stolen it, (or an Ambrotypist had stolen a brother artists' advertisement, whether prose or *poetry*) what would they think? Wouldn't they *know* he was a humbug? Most assuredly! When a circus comes along and advertises with pictures of unnatural contortions, *large capitol letters* (calculated to make an impression on the mind which is not *real*,) all thoughtful persons say, beware! As to grinding poetry for *everybody*, as a friend has advertised for me, it is a mistake; but I will have pieces ground for all *such* as *borrow* from others and are too *sensitive* to give them credit for their labors. But, I am digressing, and if you want Ambrotypes or Melanotypes colored true to life and put up in the neatest style of the Art call over Garrett's Store, and while I do not profess to *surpass* the man who Invented the art or made the latest improvement! yet, I am not *afraid* to compare pictures with any artist in Greensboro.

April, 22 1857. A. STARRETT.

NEW GOODS AT CALDWELLS. THE Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the public to his entire New Stock of Spring and Summer Goods; consisting in a well selected assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Drugs, Paints, Boots and Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Silk, Wool, Panama and Palmleaf Hats, Books and Stationary, Brooms, Buckets and Pails, Looking Glasses, Portmonies, Fans, Buttons, Beads, Combs, and a variety of other Yankee Notions. All of which will be sold at the lowest possible figure and such prices as cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Call examine and determine for yourselves. Terms cash or produce on delivery of the Goods.

R. N. CALDWELL.

April 22. (68—1y.)

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.

MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.

☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.

CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N.C.

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.

Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65:1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c. The subscriber, thankful for past favors, wishes to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has on hand for sale a large assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., and hopes by close attention to business and low prices, to suit all wanting such articles. Come and see her stock.

Room adjoining Insurance Office.

SARAH ADAMS.

Greensboro N. C. April 8th 1857. 66—tf.

CABINET WARE HOUSE

BY

PETER THURSTON,

West Market, Greensboro, N.C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metallic Ottoman Burial Cases.

January, 1857. 53:1y

SOMETHING NEW AT COFFIN'S GALLERY. The Latest process out and is believed by close observers to stand at the head of the fine arts. They are different from the Ambrotype and somewhat resemble the Colored Photograph, though more true to life. The process is admirably adapted to groups of Children, lockets, finger rings, breast pins, &c. Call and see his specimens.

Rooms over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.

April 8th 1857. Z. S. COFFIN.

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.

May 1857 I. W. OGBURN.

Life Scenes.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WOLVERINE SKETCHES.

BY ERNEST M. BEMENT.

NUMBER III.

Harry Gile—French Joe's Ball.

"Good morning, George."

"The same to you, Harry."

"Busy as usual, I see."

"Yes," I replied, "I'm writing a letter to aunt Lizzie of whom you have heard me speak."

"All right,—go ahead, and if you please, just give the old lady a little love for *me*. I suppose you will take care of yourself as regards the aforesaid essential?"

"Why Harry, what do you mean?

Ol nothing, only I supposed as you were writing to her, you might slip in a trifle for me, you know, just by way of variety."

"No, but the essential you alluded to."

"Upon my word, why, Georgie boy, I thought every chap like you understood that. It's a thing we all live for, that is we who are particularly partial to the ladies. Ahem, Georgie boy."

"You're a villian."

Harry Gile was the son a New York banker, and was emphatically a capital fellow, a little wild perhaps, but that only on very particular occasions.

He, also, had left his Eastern home to take a peep at Michigan, which he said he liked extremely well as far as he had been able to judge and in consequence, had formed a mighty poor opinion of the knowledge of *some* individuals, who urged him not to think of such a ridiculous notion as that of going to Michigan, on the then popular plea that swamps and ague were the predominant characteristic of this "benighted region."

"By the way" he said, resuming, "have you heard the news?"

"No, certainly not, what is it?"

"Why, there was an Indian killed, the other night, near French Peter's cabin, and it is generally believed that the murder was his work, at least the Indians think so."

"Indeed," I replied, feigning ignorance in the matter.

"Yes, and these parts will be getting rather warm for him before long, I take it. The red hounds watch him pretty closely, and I guess they mean to nip him the first chance they get. Peter's a deuced good fellow, and it would be too bad if he were to fall into the hands of those thieving good-for-nothing rascals. The devil burnt if I don't consider it a wise plan to keep a little on guard and if they offer any harm to him just pop away at them, you know, as we would at a beast. Faith they are no better than wild cats."

"Have you seen Peter lately?" I asked.

"Yes not an hour ago, he was in the "loft" with Spikes and Walter assisting them in making our tent, which, I think, will be ready about the middle of next week. Let me see,—to-day is Friday—yes I'm sure it will be already for a start against Wednesday. By the way, that Spikes is the very deuce. He's as full of fun as the little bay poney is full of breakfast this very minute. I gave him a half a bushel of the best oats, upon my word I did. Yes, sir, Spikes beats them all. Where he is, fun is sure to show itself. He actually keeps Peter in a perfect fit the whole time. I don't think he'd enjoy it much, though, if he knew how the redskins were after him. I think we had better take him along with us. He'd be safe enough, then, you know, besides he'd be a valuable requisition to our party."

"I'm exactly of your opinion. Have you said any thing to him about going?"

"No, but I will. I'll go and see him at once. I'm sure he'll agree to it," said he, at the same time making preparations to depart.

"I say, Harry. Old Joe, the Frenchman, gives a ball to-night. Let us go."

"Certainly. I would'nt be guilty of missing such a treat, eh Georgie?"

"Well then I shall expect you. Be here promptly at seven o'clock this evening and we'll attend in a body. What say you?"

"All right, count me sir," he answered as he took his hat and danced out of the room.

Old Joe, the Frenchman, lived in town he once lived out of town, but at this time he lived in town. He kept an Inn, to be sure on rather a small scale, but nevertheless an Inn, by which he managed to get a very respectable living. He was to give a ball. Could it be possible that that staid old French gentleman, who had'nt dreamed of a frolic for a dozen years, was growing young again! so young indeed, as to wish to see his little domicil turned topsy turvy with riot and dancing? The fact is, old Joe Beaumont had a daughter—certainly a daughter, and she had actually came to be a woman, aful l grown and unmistakeable woman, must needs introduce her in society, and to do which he had hit upon the plan of giving a ball—a very good way, to be sure, indeed, in those days, it answered *very* well. But to know that it is even fashionable now! O mothers!—Joe need not, however, have given the ball on that account, for his daughter—Mary was her name—was very pretty indeed, I might say dangerously beautiful, and beauty thanks no one for an introduction.

In anticipation of the evening's frolic my friend Harry had imbibed a little—not much but a little—but he was promptly on the spot at the appointed time, and away we went to French Joe's ball. I said that Harry had drank a little, that is, he had indulged in a few glasses of a certain alcoholic compound familiarly known as whiskey. It is generally understood, I believe, that whiskey the aforesaid, is distilled from different kinds of grain: but be assured that the whiskey of those days was from the good old yellow corn, and as a natural consequence, Harry imbibed a little of the corn juice in anticipation of the "good time coming." I do not know that I had reason to blame my friend or his seeming indiscression on that occasion, in that such behaviour seemed to be quite the order of things at that time. The old drank with the young and the young with the old. Indeed some, I mean whiskey, drinking was very much the fashion among all classes. It is also well known, or should be that some are so constituted that when there is any exciting event in prospective in which they expect to participate, they cannot, at least they find it exceedingly difficult to resist the inclination to invent a false enthusiasm a little beforehand in order to successfully combat with any and every obstacle that may be met with. Some, I regret to say, are constitutionally modest and actually believe that they need a stimulous to carry them through an emergency. Harry, however, was all for the fun of the thing, though he deemed it advisable to "fire up a little," as he called it, "before diving too deep"—yet he could meet a pretty woman without the least show of embarrassment.

I set dancing down a humbug a very long time ago, and have often wondered what strange facination could possibly accompany it that it should be in such universal favor.

Those who are fond of music are generally considered good dancers. I happen fortunately to be an exception to the rule, for I like music above all things, and place dancing so very far beneath it that I am of the opinion that they ought never to be tolerated together.

Here in Michigan, away in the wild West, amusements were such a rarity that we would seek out anything for diversion. That circumstance was probably what prompted me to attend French Joe's ball, otherwise doubtless I would not have gone.

There was no denying that Harry and I were prepared for all the good time we could possibly make out of the evening.

As I said we went to the ball,—and such a ball. The fact is, it was a French ball on a small scale, a decidedly small scale, and such a mixture of a little of everything I never beheld before, I am sure. There was French there and English and Irish and German and Yankee and here and there, by way of variety, was scattered an ebon face strutting around like a live lord. Indeed the affair was of the most ludicrous, but we went in, that is Henry did—went into the affections—really so—of the fairer portion, of that delighted gathering, and occasionally into the good things at the bar! while I not wishing to participate, sat quietly up in one corner of the room quite out of Harry's way, taking notes, that is to say, paying particular attention to pretty much of everything appertaining to the festivities and jotting them down. The room used for the frolic of that memorable night was the spacious bar-room in size exactly twelve by eighteen feet with a bar or counter extending all the way across one end of it, the room was lighted by means of dip candles,—the kind our great-great grand mothers used to employ for the lighting of their kitchens—hung up in wire sockets along the sides on the wall, I believe there were six in all, and the light they gave may be imagined as rather cloudy, but we managed to get along with it very well.

French Joe was in his glory, hopping and skipping about here and there, like a toad in a rain-storm. His daughter, too, seemed to have partaken of the enthusiasm noticable in him, for she tipped the toe with unusual gayety, while her mother as if in recollection of younger days enjoyed the occasion with particular gusto. Harry was not a whit behind, for the way he made time fly with the bewitching Mary was not to be seen every day.——The dance was drawing to a close; Many of the guests indeed had departed for their several homes, and those still remaining were beginning to think that it was about their time also. Old Joe had, during the evening, taken somewhat too much of the ardent, and knowing ones seemed to be taking quite the advantage of him, in consequence, for when they were already to leave they informed him that they had no money and requested that he would *charge their bills.*

At last none were left in that *sanctified* appartment but Harry and myself, Joe having stepped out with the last of "Ze dem Yankee's," as he was pleased to name his *patrons.*—He soon returned however, but bringing with him a decidedly troubled countenance.

"I say old fellow," asked Harry of Joe as the latter made his appearance at the door, "what the deuce does all this mean? Why, man I hav'nt had half a dance and the people are all gone."

Joe regarded Harry with an air particularly suggestive of injured pride and an humiliating sense of great personal injustice, for the space of a minute when he prepared himself to answer.

"You ask me ze question," he said, spose you don't know ze trouf what come on my house? Here I was give ze ball! —was mak' one grand party for my daughtiar an' ze dem yankee, dey come here an' dey bring, ze dev' on my house. Dey get drunk on my whiskey dey run off with my wife an' my daughtiar an' den dey shall say *cha'ge dat.* 'Spose I shall not like no such thing. It is ver much disgrace for French gentleman.

"Well," said Harry, inclined to think rather light of Joe's misfortunes, give us about sixteen glasses of the best old corn and say nothing more about it."

"An' cha'ge dat I 'spose," quickly replied Joe.

"Jes' you git off my house, you dem yankee, or I shall blow you to ze dev'."

It is needless to add that Harry and I took a hasty departure, leaving old Joe sole occupant of "ze house" being, ourselves, pretty well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Farm, House and Fun.

EGGS.—The Western *Democrat* says Charlotte is the greatest egg market in North Carolina. The citizens have eggs scrambled, poached, boiled and fried for breakfast and dinner, and then again for dinner and breakfast. A friend informs us this is all a mistake. He says Gaston beats all creation for eggs, and adds, that such vast quantities are used there, that the navigation of the Roanoke has been seriously obstructed by shells which the Gastonians have thrown into it. Charlotte, therefore, must keep dark in the matter of eggs hereafter.—*Pet. Express.*

We had same idea of bragging on Madison, where we buy eggs by the bushel, and the boys use them in playing 'battle,' but after hearing from Gaston, we have nothing to say.—*Weekly News.*

Will not the *News* editor bundle up our next copy of his paper full of eggs and send them to us by the Post Boy. They are so scarce about here, as to require almost a stretch of the imagination to remember the shape of one.—*Times.*

HINTS TO YOUNG GARDENERS:—When bushy plants produce an abundance of foliage with few buds or blossoms, they should either be transplanted into a poorer soil, or some of the principal roots should be pruned off.

Drying winds are injurious, as they rob the leaves of plants of moisture more rapidly than it can be supplied by the roots. Plants need as careful protection from such winds as from frost.

When a grass-plot becomes pervaded by moss, apply some fine, rich manure to the surfree. This will reinvigorate the grass, and enable it to subdue and expel the intruder.

In pruning, always make the cut *towards* yourself. Enter the knife on the side opposite the bud, a little above its base, and cut through, sloping to just above the top of the bud. The vitality of the terminal wood will thus be preserved, and the wound speedily heal over.

TRUE AS THE GOSPEL!—A woman is always at the bottom of truble. You remember the story of the Shah of Persia. When he was told that a workman had fallen from a ladder, he called out, "Who is she? who is she?" "Please your Majesty, 'tis a be." "Nonsese!" said the Shah, "there's never an accident without a woman; who is she?" The Shah was right; the man had fallen from his ladder because he was looking at a woman in a window opposite. Many a man does this in other countries besides Persia.

TO PRESERVE EGGS FOR SETTING.—The best way is to have a box of wheat bran: stand the eggs on the small end, a layer of eggs and a layer of bran, till the box is full. Be careful not to shake them much, nor crack them. It is a very bad plan to put them in a drawer, where they will roll about every time the drawer is opened.

NESTS FOR SITTING HENS.—It is as unwise to make a summer nest too warm as to make a winter nest too cold. In hot weather, never put a sitting hen where the sun can touch her, or where the heat would feel oppressive to yourself. And do not allow her to make choice of such a place, or of one that is liable to get wet. The instincts of domestic fowls have been so much interfered with, that they are not always wise about such things, as wild birds are.

A TAX ON BACHELORS.—A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of New Jersey, by some facetious member, which provides for the imposition of an annual tax of $5, on every bachelor over 25 years of age. The bill is entitled "An act to facilitate matrimony."

War to the knife on the ancient and honorable fraternity of bachelors, seems to be the motto of some legislative bodies, to say nothing of sundry newspapers. But the "State of Camden and Amboy" will have to try some other dodge to raise the wind, than to levy fines on bachelors. Let them pass a law granting unlimited divorce to all who will pay $500, and from Sandy Hook to Cape May, there would be thousands of candidates for the privilege of stepping out of the traces.

"An act to facilitate matrimony" forsooth! as if at the present price of flour, sugar, and crinoline, a fine of $5, or any other sum, would operate to facilitate what has been defined to be an "insane desire to pay a young woman's board."

PRENTICE says of a contemporary editor, that he gets up every morning a whiskey barrel, and goes to bed every night a barrel of whiskey.

A drunkard's nose is said to be a "light house, warning us of the little water that passes underneath."

"I give lessons in music and drawing," as the donkey said when he began to bray and drag the cart after him.

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Trimming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER.

LAMAR HOUSE,

(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lamar House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

MARYLAND LOTTERY ON THE HAVANA PLAN. To be drawn in Baltimore, Md., on SATURDAY, May 23rd, 1857. R. FRANCE & CO., Managers. Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner. Class G.

	Scheme	
1	$65.000	$65.000
1	24.977	24.978
2	15.000	30.000
2	10.000	20.000
2	8.000	16.000
2	6.000	12.000
5	4.000	20.000
5	3.000	15.000
100	1.700	170.000
100	1.000	100.000
66	200	13.200
66	100	6.600
132	60	7.920
4.092	40	163.680
25.740	20	5 4.8 0
30,316	prizes, amounting to	$1.179.178

Wholes $20; Halves $10; Quar. $5; Eighths $2.60.

Certificate of Package of 26 Wholes cost		$316 00
Do. do.	26 Halves, "	158 00
Do. do.	26 Quarters"	79 00
Do. do.	26 Eighths, "	39 00

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. *Extra Class 5*, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, May 30th 1857.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

Capital Prizes		*Approx'n Prizes.*
1 prize of	$33,000	4 of $100
1 prize of	10,000	4 of 300
1 prizes of	6,200	4 of 250
2 " of	4,000	8 of 200
2 " of	2,000	8 of 150
2 " of	1,800	8 of 100
2 " of	1,500	8 of 90
2 " of	1,400	8 of 150
2 " of	1,250	8 of 70
20 " of	800	80 of 60
20 " of	600	80 of 50
40 " of	400	160 of 40
105 " of	300	420 of 20

1.000 prizes, amounting to $188,300

Whole Tickets $20: Halves 10; Quarters 5.

☞ Please address all orders for Tickets in the above Magnificent Scheme, to

T. H. HUBBARD & CO.

No. 39 Fayette st., or Box. No. 40,

(41:tly) Baltimore, Maryland.

T. H. Hubbard & Co., are our authorized agents to fill all orders for Tickets in the Maryland Lotteries R. FRANCE & CO.

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; Second Series, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by E. W. OGBURN.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.—Mrs. WHEELER & Mrs. OAKLEY take this method of informing their friends & customers that they have received their new stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods—consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, &c. Particular attention paid to Dress-Making. We have one of the best systems of Dress-Cutting in this country, and have made arrangements to receive direct from New York Patterns every month. Room No. 2, over Garrett's store.

Greensboro, March 25, 1857. 64tf

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Travelling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.

S. ARCHER.

East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

J. N. WOOD,

AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING

MERCHANT,

Goldsborough, N. C.,

WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

SOUTHERN LOTTERY. ON THE HAVANA PLAN of Single Numbers. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY, *by authority of the State of Georgia.* Class X, Draws May 14, 1857, at Savannah, Ga. Under the sworn superintendence of J. M. PRENTISS and W. R. SYMONS, Esqs. Saturday Schemes will be drawn every Saturday, at Macon, Ga. Monthly Large Schemes will be drawn at Savanah, about the 15th of every month. Nearly one Prize to Every Nine Tickets; 30,000 Tickets—3,286 Prizes! Prizes Payable Without Deduction.

Scheme.

1 Prize of		$60,000
1 "		20,000
1 "		10,000
1 "		5,000
1 "		5,000
1 "		2,000
3 Prizes of	1,000 are	3,000
5 " "	500 "	2,500
100 "	100 "	10,000
100 "	50 "	5,000
Approximation Prizes.		
4 of $225 to	$60,000	$900
4 of 100 to	20,000	400
8 of 80 to	10,000	640
12 of 50 to	5,000	600
24 of 30 to	4,000	720
20 of 25 to	2,000	500
3,000 of 20	are	90,000

1,657 Prizes amounting to $44,000

Whole Tickets $4; *Halves* 2; *Quarters* 1.

☞ Certificates of Packages of Ten Tickets, are sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

10 Whole Tickets	$24
10 Half "	12
10 Quarter "	6

Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par. Checks on New York remitted for Prizes. Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates of Packages of Tickets to

ANDERSON & SON, Managers,

(Successors to *J. P. WINTER*, Manager.)

(52l::y)

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

MARBLE YARD.

NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,

Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES.

March 12, 1857.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A. J. DeRosset, from New York:—25 Bags Prime Laguyra Coffee; 15 Bbls. C. Yellow Sugar; 12 Jars pure Potash. Low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

A. PERRY SPERRY,

(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)

WITH

BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,

IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,

1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

Cabinet Furniture

AND

COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,

MANUFACTURED BY

JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

MULLETS.—25 Bbls. LARGE Mullets, at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horse, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopedia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.

At the Book Store by

April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

NOTICE.—VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE. The subscriber being desirous to move west, offers for sale the following tract of land, situated in the South East corner of Guilford County, on the waters of stinking quarter 2 miles North of Longs mills contains **192 acres,** has a good saw mill and corn mill on it; good frame barn and shop, good log house and kitchen, and other out houses. good orchard, and a meadow that cannot be surpassed in the State. Also a tract lying in Alamance County containg **250 acres,** all timber, situated 2 miles south of Mount mermin Meeting House on the public road leading from Graham to the foundry; a splendid cite for a tan yard and store, and both badly needed, terms to suit the purchaser either time or cash payments.

(6::3m.) FREDERIC STAFFORD.

W. H. REECE,

CONSTABLE,

WILL STRICTLY ATTEND TO the collection of *ALL DEBTS* intrusted to his care with promptness and dispatch.

60::3mo Post Office, Jamestown, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdeline Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spargeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Jan. 1857.

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by

April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

SOMETHING NEW!

A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

N. C. FREEMAN,

WITH

ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

SILK GOODS,

No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.

1856. 2-1y

A CARD.

THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX,
A. P. ECKLE,
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.

(56::tf)

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,

April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.

Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "

Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2. 1856. 31-tf

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge,* on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

JOHN W. PAYNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,

GENERAL LAND AGENT,

SUNSBURY GATES Co., N. C.

WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all Bounty Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions etc., that may be placed in his hands.

He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.

☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.

REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W. Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Keneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	M. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(57—6m.)

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor.

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40::tf

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::1y.

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,

COMMISSION & FORWARDING

MERCHANTS.

Wilmington, N. C. 1::1y.

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES

[Authorized by the State of Georgia.]

Capital Prize of $50,000!!!

TICKETS ONLY $10!

Owing to the great favor with which our Single Number Lotteries have been received by the public, and the large demand for Tickets, the Managers, S. SWAN & CO., will have a drawing each Saturday throughout the year.

The following Scheme will be drawn in each of their Lotteries for May, 1857.

CLASS 34,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 2, 1857.

CLASS 35,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 9th, 1857.

CLASS 36,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 16th, 1857.

CLASS 37,

To be drawn in the city of Atlanta, Ga. in public, on *Saturday, May* 23, 1857.

CLASS 38,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 30th, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. Three thousand two hundred and ninety Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets.

Magnificent Scheme!

To be drawn

EACH SATURDAY IN MAY!

1	Prize of	$50,000	is	$50,000
1	"	20,000	is	20,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
100	Prizes of	100	are	10,000
100	"	50	are	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4	prizes of $225 to	$50,000	are	$900
4	"	160 to 20,000	are	640
8	"	80 to 10,000	are	640
12	"	50 to 5,000	are	600
24	"	30 to 2,500	are	720
26	"	25 to 1,000	are	500
3,000	"	20	are	60,000

3,290 Prizes amounting to $204,000

Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2½.

PLAN OF THE LOTTERY.

The Numbers from 1 to 30,000, corresponding with those Numbers on the Tickets printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one Wheel.

The first 218 Prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another Wheel.

The wheels are then revolved, and a number is drawn from the wheel of Numbers, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other wheel. The Number and Prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience, and registered by the Commissioners; the Prize being placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

Approximation Prizes.—The two preceding and the two succeeding Numbers to those drawing the first 18 Prizes will be entitled to the 72 Approximation Prizes, according to the scheme.

The 3,000 1 rizes of $20 will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $50,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the $50,000 Prize ends with No. 1, then all the Tickets, where the number ends in 1, will be entitled to $20. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2, will be entitled to $20, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Package of	10 Whole Tickets,	$80
"	10 Half "	40
"	10 Quarter "	20
"	10 Eighth "	10

In ordering Tickets or Certificates.

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail. Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may designate.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

All communications strictly confidential. Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office.

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

or at Montgomery, Ala.

(52::ly)

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Gre